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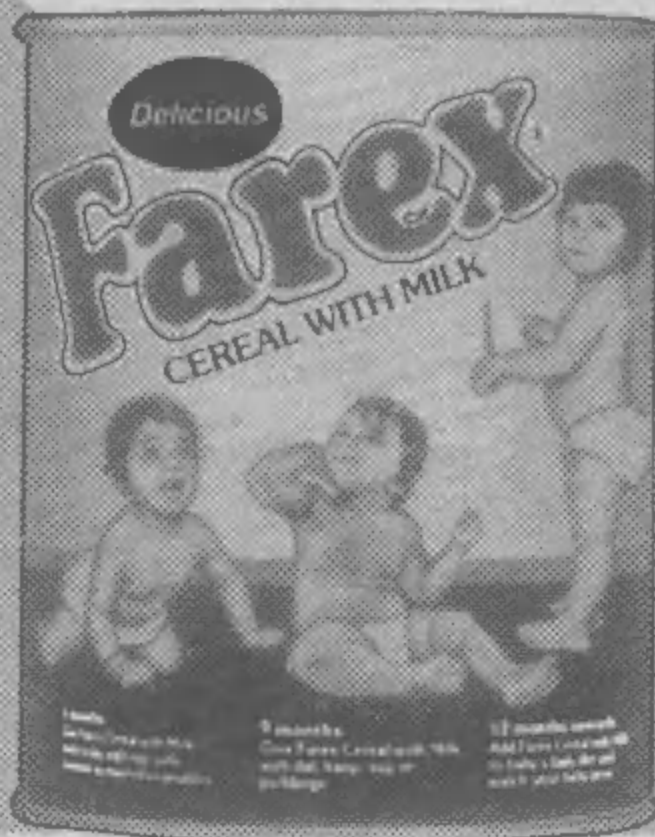
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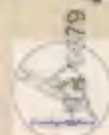
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WELCOME SEPTEMBER

Since times immemorial people of India worship the Divine Mother once every year with festivities. The occasion is known differently as Dusserah, Navaratri or Durga Puja. This year the festival falls in the month of September.

But the Indians in olden days viewed the Motherland as well as the Mother Earth as Divine. Like our human mother nurturing us, the land also nurtures us and so does the earth. To look upon them as the mother is a great and sublime concept. Now, can we abuse the Motherland or the Mother Earth and still please the Divine? That will be impossible.

On the occasion of the Dusserah, let us resolve to honour the land and the earth, by becoming their worthy children. We must not do anything that would go against the Motherland; we must not do anything that would further denude the earth of her wealth and splendours like the hills and forests, or that would pollute the air and water.



INDIANS IN DANGER IN FIJI



The archipelago of 800 islands in the South West Pacific known as Fiji was discovered in 1643. In 1874, it became a colony of Britain. Its area is 18,376 sq.km. and it has a population of only seven and half lakhs. The capital is Suva.

In the last two decades of the 19th century thousands of Indians migrated to Fiji in order to work in the sugar plantations. They settled down on the island. In fact, they are the people responsible for the economic and cultural development of the island.

In 1970 Fiji became independent. Today the descendants of the Indian community form 50 per cent, whereas the native people, known as Melanesians, are 47 per cent of the population. The rest are Eurasians, Chinese and a few others. In other words, Indians are the majority community.

No wonder that Dr. Thimoci Bavadra, the leader of the Indian community, became the Prime Minister of the country. It was a democratically elected government. But suddenly a Lt.General of the army, Sitiveni Rabuka,



struck a coup and toppled the ministry. His mission, he declared, was to assert the supremacy of the Melanesians. Now Rabuka wants to get elected to the country's Parliament and become its Prime Minister. To make this possible, he is imposing a new constitution on the country. Even though the Indians are in the majority, they cannot form a government, according to the new constitution. Rabuka dreams of becoming the dictator.

The Indians there are harassed. But they have conducted themselves with dignity and restraint. While the world opinion today is against racialism, Rabuka is emerging as a new racist.

Meanwhile, tourism and sugar cultivation, the two major sources of Fiji's national income, have much suffered. Rabuka may have his way, but the country would be poorer and the ideal of democracy would suffer for the sake of his ambition.



THE DIFFERENCE

The young son of a very important and wealthy man one day walked up to Mozart and said, "Sir, I want to compose symphonies. Please show me the way; tell me how to go about it."

Mozart talked to the proud boy for a while and then said, "I think, it will be better for you to do something else—or to wait for a few years!"

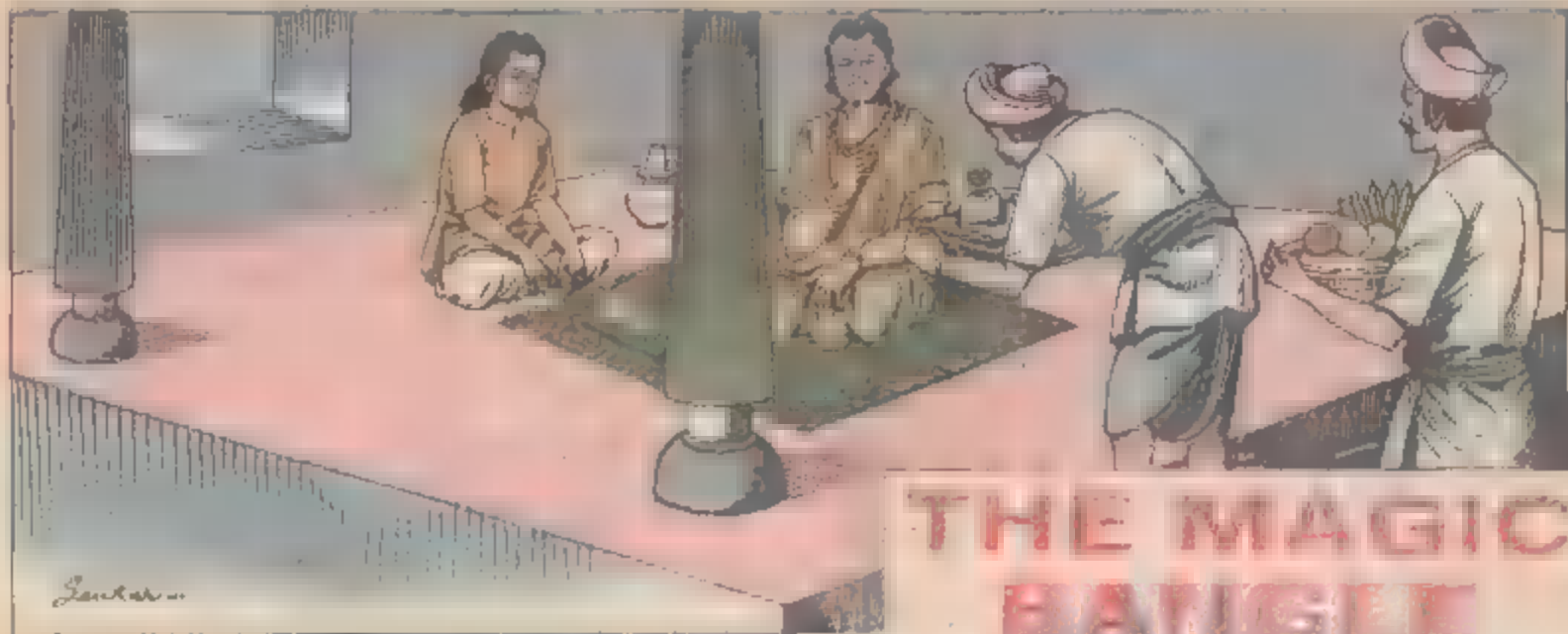
"Wait for a few years? Why, may I ask, Mr. Mozart? Do you forget that you composed your symphonies when you were barely ten years of age?" demanded the teenager.

"That is true. I composed symphonies when I was ten," admitted Mozart almost apologetically.

"Then? How do you ask me to wait for a few years?" challenged the boy.

Mozart coughed and smiled and then, lowering his voice, said, "It is true that I composed my symphonies at the age of ten. But you see, I did not ask anybody to show me the way or tell me how to do it! Is it clear now?"





THE MAGIC BANGLE

Shrimukh was not only a great scholar, but also a wise and kind-hearted man. He taught his students in different ways, taking into consideration their talents and capacities. That benefited every student. Similarly, even if two men came to him with the same problem, the solutions he suggested were different, for every individual had his peculiarities.

What is more, Shrimukh never demanded any fee for his services. Those who could pay, paid him according to their own sweet will; those who could not pay him were never neglected by him.

But it was a great pity that while hundreds of people profited from his knowledge, his own son, Vikash, remained uneducated and uncultured. Such was the boy's nature that all Shri-

mukh's efforts to educate him failed. He roamed about in the streets, played with urchins or went to the forest for plucking fruits or catching birds for fun. Shrimukh was very sorry on account of his son. Even Vikash was sorry that he could not satisfy his father, but the matter ended there!

One day a yogi named Mahananda came to meet Shrimukh. Mahananda had been a student of Shrimukh in his childhood. Later he went to some of the great seats of learning, became a great scholar and practitioner of yoga. He had achieved many powers, but he continued to be as humble as ever.

Shrimukh was delighted to see his dear disciple, after a long time. He said, "My son, I have heard so much praise of yours



that I am truly proud of you. You have done great honour to ■■■ by paying me this visit."

"O Master, it is my privilege to touch your feet once again. But I have come here with a purpose," said Mahananda.

"What is that?" queried Shrimukh.

"I must offer you something for the lessons you imparted to me. What can I offer? What would please you?" asked Mahananda.

"My son, is not my joy at your achievements enough of a reward for me? What more do I need?" said Shrimukh.

But Mahananda insisted on

offering something to his first teacher.

Shrimukh then told him all about Vikash—how unworthy he was and how all efforts to educate him had gone in vain.

"Mahananda, the normal methods of teaching would not work for him. Is there any other way of turning a fool into a wise man?" asked Shrimukh.

"Sir, let me study the boy for a few days," said Mahananda.

He talked to Vikash and played with him and roamed about with him. After ■ week, he told Shrimukh, "Sir, I have studied Vikash thoroughly. I can assure you that he is more intelligent than most of your students. But he has ■ defiant and unruly nature. It is impossible for anyone to change it applying the usual methods."

"Then forget about it," said Shrimukh with a sigh.

"No, sir. I won't do that. ■ will apply some supernatural power and change him," promised Mahananda.

Vikash had taken a liking for Mahananda. Mahananda asked him, "Would you not like to be wise, to be loved and respected by all?"

"I would very much like to be

so. But what can I do? I cannot concentrate on my studies!" said Vikash, sadly.

"Here is a bronze bangle. Put it around your wrist. Keep it clean and, after bathing in the morning; touch it to your forehead respectfully. Can you do this much?" asked Mahananda.

"I can."

Mahananda took leave of his old master, making Vikash wear the bangle

Within a few days strange changes came over Vikash. He concentrated on his studies with a vengeance and in one day learnt what ■ average student would take ■ week to learn!

In five years he emerged ■ a great scholar. He also proved most decent in his conduct towards others.

"My son, you should meet the king and earn his goodwill. That would satisfy me," one day Shrimukh told Vikash.

Vikash went to the capital and sought an appointment with the king. But he found it very difficult to meet the king. An officer advised him to meet the chief scholar of the royal court, Vidyadhar. His recommendation alone would enable ■ scholar to meet the king.



With great expectations Vikash met Vidyadhar. But his hopes were dashed to pieces. Vidyadhar was rude and uncivilised to him. "If you wish to eat, go and work in my cowshed!" was his last advice to Vikash.

Vikash felt very sad. The owner of the guest-house in which he lived asked him the reason for his sadness. He told him everything. The man took him to his own house and talked to him and was deeply impressed by his scholarship. He advised Vikash not to worry and continue to be in his guest-house, free of charge.

The ■ was ■ member of a



committee which the king had formed to look into the comforts of the travellers who came to the capital. Soon, in a meeting of the committee, the man told the king, "My lord, people like me can only look into the gross facilities of the travellers. But if our courtiers or officers are not civil to them, then they would forget all the physical facilities they have enjoyed. They would leave the city with bitterness in their minds."

"Has anyone of our men been discourteous to anybody?" asked the king.

The owner of the guest-house reported the insult Vikash had

received from Vidyadhar. The king was very sorry. He asked the man to bring Vikash along to the court the next day.

It was a great day for Vikash. He impressed the king with his learning deeply. The king told him, "I am sorry that Vidyadhar was rude to you. If I punish him, that would be severe. I suggest that you punish him."

"No, my lord, I am a poor scholar, seeking your favour. I am not the dispenser of justice. I cannot punish anybody," said Vikash.

But the king insisted on his punishing Vidyadhar.

Vikash took off his bangle and then came down upon Vidyadhar with great wrath. He uttered slangs and rebuked him. Even the king was surprised that a scholar like Vikash could use such ugly epithets.

Then Vikash put on the bangle again and became quiet.

"What is the mystery of the bangle? Why did you take it out?" asked the king.

Vikash told him all about his early boyhood and the miracle the bangle had done to him. "My lord," he said, "with the bangle on me, I can never be uncivilised. That is why I had to go back to



my old self to take revenge on Vidyadhar. As long as the bangle was on me, even though I was sad for his behaviour, I could not be angry with him."

"But how could you be so rude to him even without the bangle? After all, you are a scholar!" observed the king.

"My lord, this is a miraculous bangle which changes one's nature. The moment I removed it from my hand, my old nature returned to me. The scholarship which I have earned remains with me even without the bangle. But mere scholarship cannot change one's nature!" explained Vikash.

"Are you sure that scholarship

cannot change one's nature?" asked the king, rather surprised.

"I am sure, my lord. If scholarship could change one's nature, then Vidyadhar would not have been rude to me," said Vikash.

The king appreciated his argument. Vikash said again, "My lord, mine is an exceptional case. Everybody cannot get the miraculous bangle which I got. But only one other thing can change man's nature."

"What is that?" asked the king.

"Man's willingness to be changed. If one is willing, the Divine Grace works on one's nature and changes it," explained Vikash.

For all sad words of tongue and pen,
the saddest are these: 'It might have been!'

—J.G. Whitter



How The Horse Was Enslaved

In the forest there was a small pool with cool and mirror-like water. A horse was in the habit of drinking from it, once or twice a day.

One day, to his great dismay, the horse saw the water grown muddy. "Who is the rascal to do it?" he spoke aloud, without knowing that the creature who had done it was still wallowing in a muddy corner of it.

"What? What did you say? You called me a rascal, did you?" asked the angry boar, coming ashore.

"I am sorry, but it was wicked of you to muddy the water. How can I drink it now?" asked the horse.

"That is none of my business!" said the huge wild boar, rolling his red eyes.

"If you don't care for me, I also

don't care for you. You are wicked! Yes. That is what I must say, you are!" shouted the horse.

"If I am wicked, let me be a little more wicked!" said the boar. He dashed upon the horse and gave him such push that the horse fell down. But he got up and ran away.

Sulking under humiliation, the horse resolved to take revenge on the boar. But how can he go about it? He ran in search of somebody who can punish the boar on his behalf. He thought of appealing to the tiger. But he knew that the tiger was not very enthusiastic about fighting a boar.

Soon he saw a man, a hunter. "Hello man," said the horse, "will you mind applying your arrows on a naughty boar?"

"I won't mind. Where is it?"

asked the hunter.

"About a mile away. But it may slip away. It will be good if you sit on my back. I can carry you to the spot quick!" proposed the horse.

The man was happy to do so. Soon he saw the boar in the pool. The horse stood still. The man shot a few arrows at the boar and the boar died.

"Thank you," said the horse. "Should I leave you at the place where we met?" he asked.

"It would be kind of you if you leave me at my home. After all, I killed your enemy!" said the hunter.

"Very well. I will do so," said the horse.

It took the horse an hour to reach the hunter's village. The hunter got off the horse and

said, "Please have some food."

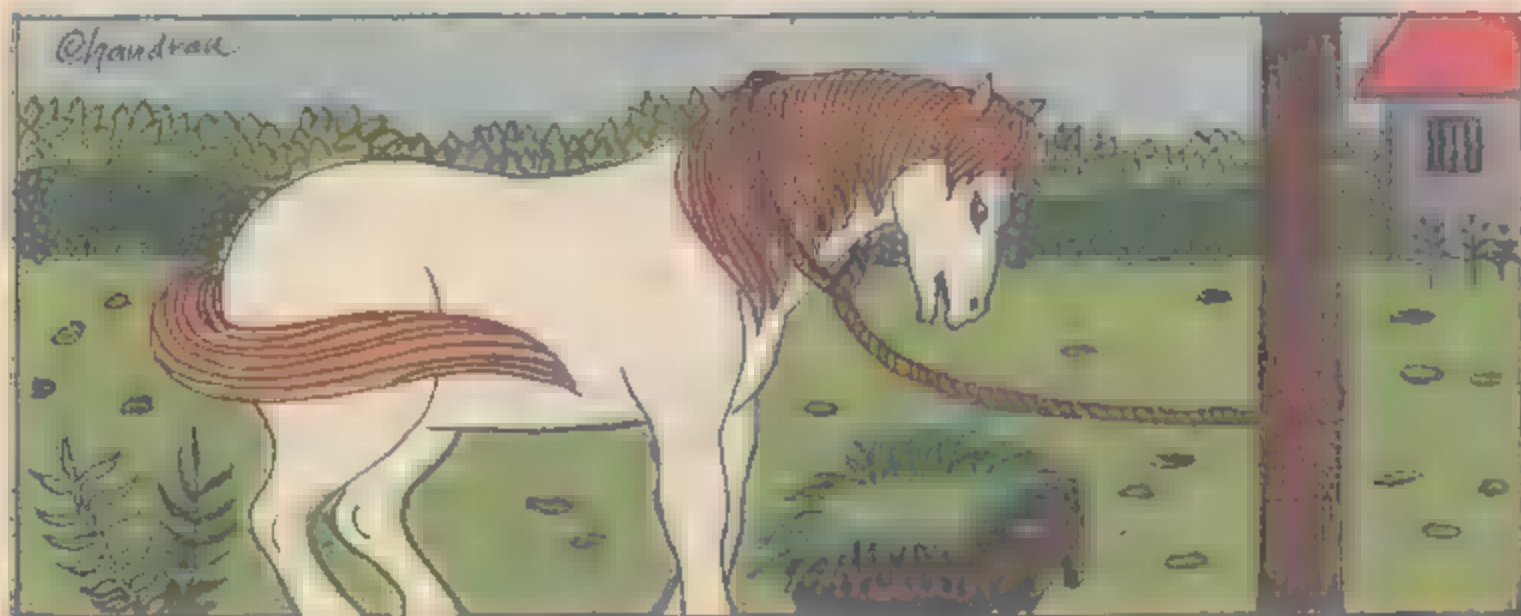
The horse was tired. He thanked the hunter and began eating.

As he ate, the hunter tied a rope around its neck and fastened the other end of the rope to the pillar of his house.

"What does this mean?" asked the horse.

"It means that you will be here serving me. When you carried me to the pool, I found out how comfortable it feels to ride you. Hence, I must continue to ride you. If you think of running away, also think of my bow and arrows!"

Well, that is how it happened—the horse became the man's household animal—and it has ever remained so!



THE LAST WORD

Three young girls met in the park. They were daughters of well-to-do families, no doubt. But they were more proud than their wealth would let them be.

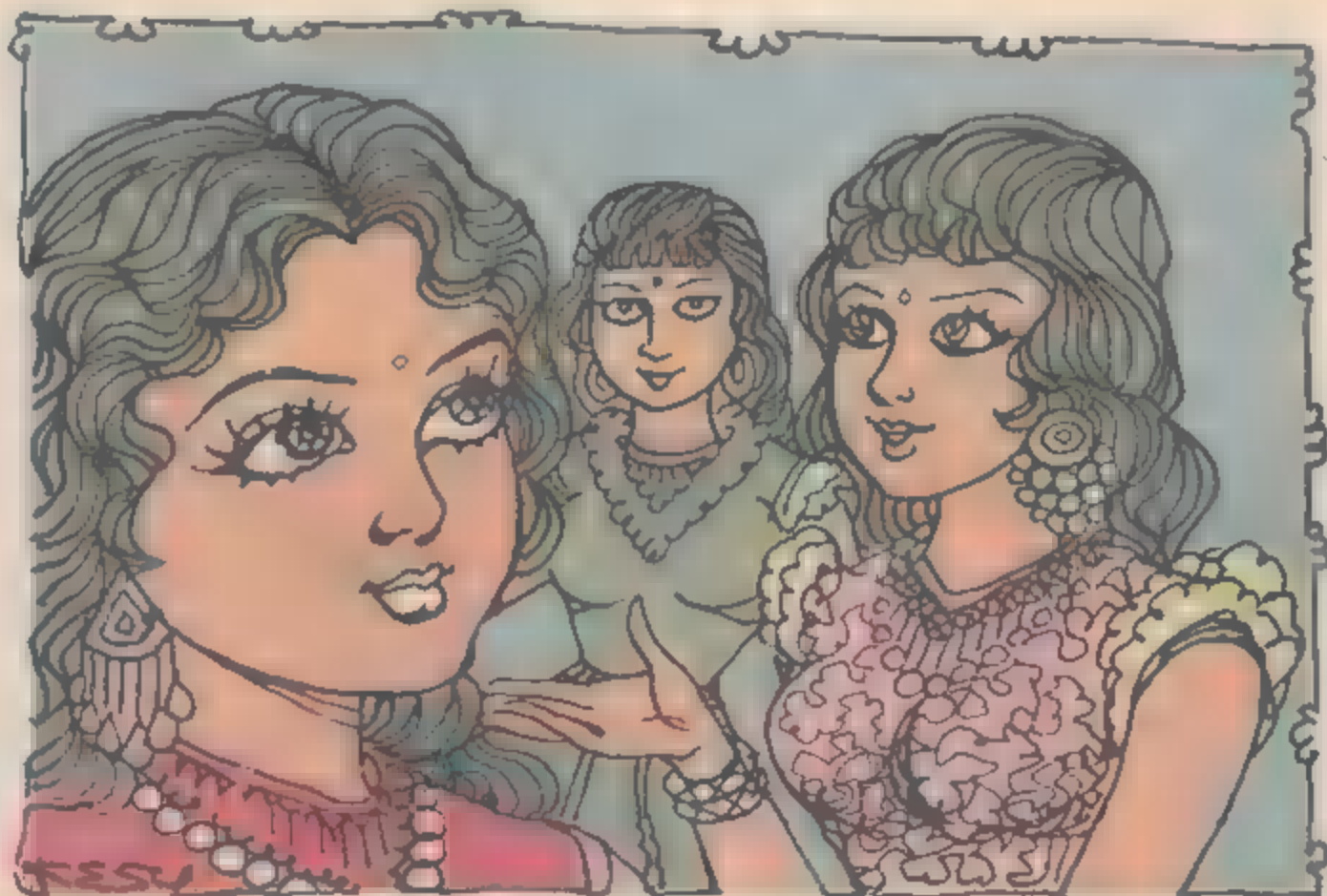
"The other day my mother was washing her gold necklaces in fresh milk when..." one of them ■■■ saying.

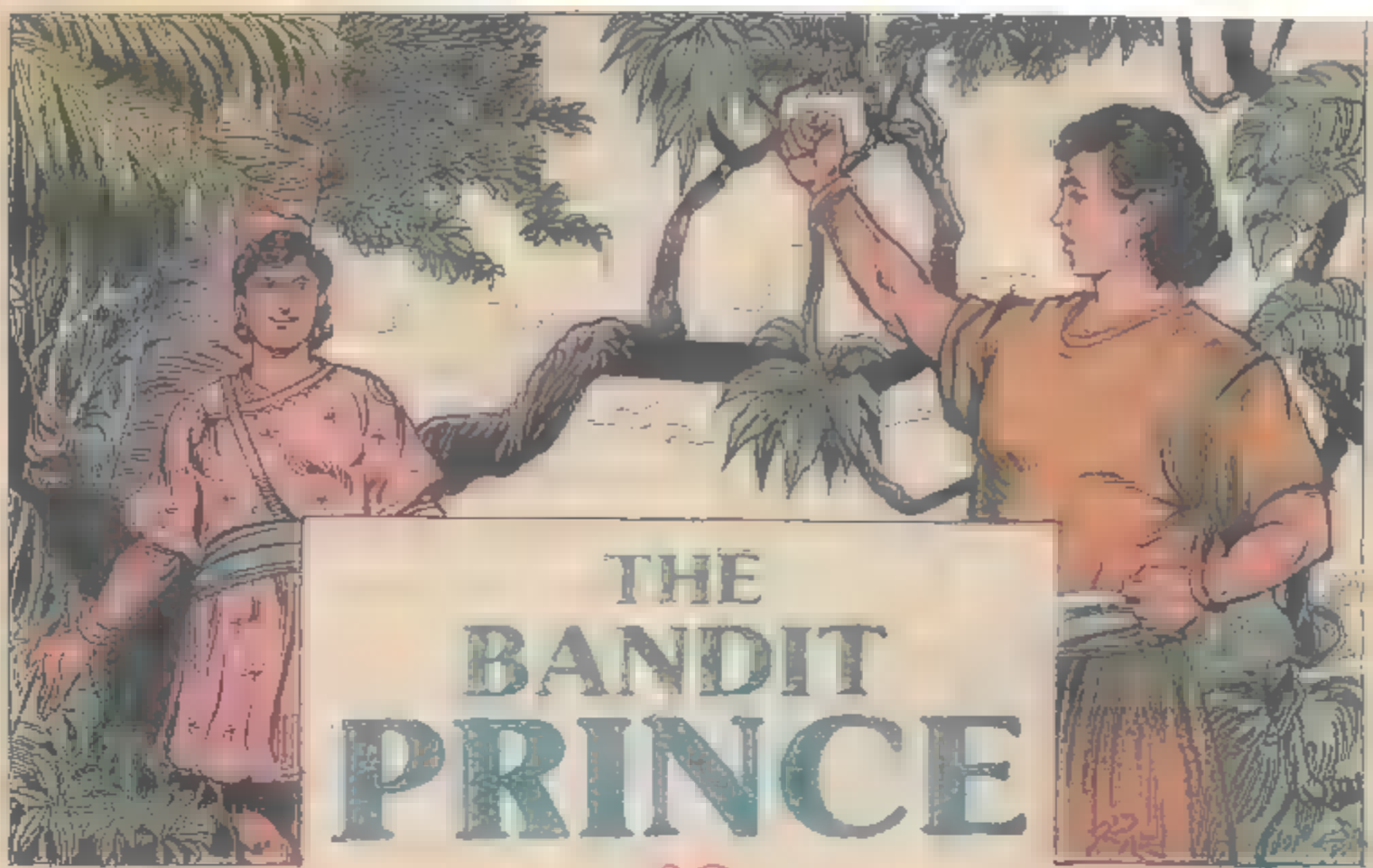
The other one, interrupting her, said, "Your mother cleanses her gold in milk, is it? My mother cleanses them in butter," said the second one.

"How does your mother cleanse her ornaments?" the two girls asked the third one.

"Well," said the third one. "She does not cleanse them at all!"
"Then?"

"So far as her diamonds are concerned, she gives them away to her servants once they begin to look soiled. And so far as her gold items ■■■ concerned, she throws them away!" was her reply.





13

(The disguised King Shanti Dev at last died, while trying to protect the rebel youths. Vasant killed Kapalchand, Vir Singh's general notorious for cruelty.)

Days passed, but neither happily for Vir Singh, nor happily for the people of Sumedh. Vir Singh could not raise an army big enough to conquer any nearby kingdom. That is because he could not exploit the people as much as he would like to. He could not export rice to Chandrahat in order to import arms. Whenever his soldiers forcibly took away rice from the farmers, Vasant's men pounced upon them and snatched the rice and distributed it among the needy people. By and by the rich farmers became more careful. Instead of bringing home their yield, they let their customers take away parts of the

TURMOIL IN THE JUNGLE



crop right from the fields. Vir Singh could not check it.

But the farmers lost their enthusiasm and the merchants lost their zeal. What is the use of cultivating better or earning more if they had no security? It was the duty of the rulers to protect them from any attack by bandits. If the rulers themselves turned into bandits, who would protect them?

There was anarchy all over Sumedh and in Shantipur, the capital city.

Vasant had found out the prince, following the dying king's directions. King Shanti Dev's dead body was buried close to the

queen's tomb. Prince Sandip who was now in his teens, also grew very fond of Vasant, the valiant young man. The prince was most eager to join the rebels and take ■ active part in their mission which was to help the people in distress and to check the barbarity of Vir Singh's men. But Vasant would not allow that. "You are too precious for us. We cannot let you risk your life," was Vasant's argument.

The prince moved about in the forest ■ swift ■ the breeze. He could jump from one tree to another like ■ squirrel. He had also become a pastmaster at archery, practising it all by himself. He was ■ well-built and strong as his father.

Days grew into months and months rolled into years. One day Vir Singh called his new general, Jabarsen, and said, "I have no more patience. We must finish off the rebels once for all. If the forest has been their hide-out for all these years, let us comb the forest!"

"I will lead my soldiers into the forest, my lord!" said Jabarsen.

"I will personally lead them!" said the king.

Jabarsen was surprised. He kept silent for a moment and then

said, "Pardon me, my lord, but will it look good for you, the king, to march against a handful of rebels? If you are to lead an army it should be against another kingdom!"

Jabarsen's remarks flattered Vir Singh. He thought over it and said, "Outwardly the purpose of my entering the forest would be hunting. Our soldiers would make a semi circle in one area of the forest and scare the animals into one side for us to shoot arrows at them. In the process we will capture or kill any number of rebels who would fall into the trap. We will continue doing this again and again, in different areas of the forest!" said Vir Singh.

"It is an excellent idea, my lord," remarked Jabarsen enthusiastically.

"Now, get ready to put the idea into action," commanded Vir Singh.

The plan for the hunting expedition was made ready. Two days later Vir Singh led hundreds of soldiers into the forest. The forest, of course, was very large. Unfortunately, Vir Singh chose to raid the area in which the hermit Jayananda lived along with his few trusted disciples



and the prince.

Vir Singh announced that he would like to kill some big beasts like tigers, wolves and bears. Accordingly he instructed his soldiers to beat the drums and blow the bugles and drive the animals towards him.

The operation began. The disciples of Jayananda ran to the hermit and informed him about the unexpected attack on the forest. The first thing the hermit did was to ask the prince to go into hiding. He then asked his pet parrot to warn Bagha, Bhalooki and the elephant who were always roaming around his hermitage, to take care of themselves.



But the poor Bhalooki, the she-bear, soon landed herself in danger. Upset by the sound and fury, she was running here and there to find the prince. She was so much concerned about the prince's safety that she forgot all about herself.

No wonder that she should attract Vir Singh's attention. "Trap it!" he ordered. The experts who were by his side hurled a net at her. It fell over her, covering her entirely. At once the soldiers surrounded her. She struggled to free herself, but the net was made of stiff fibres. The soldiers, raising their lathis, approached her, treading over

the net cautiously.

Vir Singh appeared very pleased. He laughed and said, "We have already got a good trophy. We must get more!" Then lowering his voice, he told Jabarsen, "I mean, we should net some of these audacious rebels!"

"Yes, my lord, we should!" said Jabarsen. But before they had resumed their march, they heard a voice, "Stop!"

Jayananda, the hermit, emerged from a thicket, "Listen to me," he said, "this part of the forest was never disturbed either by the rulers of Sumedh or by the noblemen of Shantipur, the capital. My guru lived here and so did his guru, prior to him. The kings always considered this area quite holy. I would request you to keep up the tradition and go back."

"Ha ha!" laughed Vir Singh. "If some kings had built up a tradition, another king can break it!"

"A good king never breaks a good tradition," observed the hermit.

"What do you mean?" demanded Vir Singh rolling his red eyes. "Do you mean to say that I am not a good king?"

"It is for you to prove whether





you are good or bad!" replied the hermit.

"Prove? Before whom? Are you my judge? What audacity!" commented Vir Singh. But his attention was diverted to the she-bear who had pushed her paws through the net and had scratched the cheek of a soldier!

"Kill it if you cannot capture it. It is a violent beast!" said Vir Singh.

"You are wrong, Vir Singh. The bear is only reacting to your violence! Release it I say," said the hermit.

"What! You have the cheek to address me as Vir Singh! And you order me to do this or do that

as if I am on your territory!" shouted Vir Singh.

"This is Nature's territory!" observed the hermit.

"Capture this man!" ordered Vir Singh. His guards made a dash at the hermit and took hold of him. At once a hundred birds began screeching.

Suddenly an arrow, similar to the one which had once been shot into the court, fell at Vir Singh's feet. A letter was tied to it. A bodyguard picked it up. Vir Singh read it. The letter said, "Vir Singh, this arrow, instead of carrying this message, could have carried your death! We could have shot it aiming at you. But we don't believe in such cowardly attack. Release the bear at once and get out of the forest!"

Vir Singh trembled with rage. "Capture the fellow who shot this arrow! He must be somewhere nearby!" he shrieked out the order. His guards ran in different directions. But the message had panicked Vir Singh. What if the archer had really aimed the arrow at him?

"Come on," he told his bodyguards. "We'll go away with the bear and this fellow—who seems to be the bear's grandfather! But let our soldiers search the forest

thoroughly and capture the wicked archer!"

He had just finished saying this when he heard the cries and shrieks of his soldiers. He saw them rushing out of the forest.

"Let us escape, my lord!" one of them said. "Hundreds of animals are chasing us!"

Soon the atmosphere vibrated with roars of tigers, gibbers of monkeys, braying of wild asses, laughter of hyenas and howling of wolves, bears and jackals. One monkey swooped down upon Vir Singh and decamped with his crown. A raven knocked the turban off Jabarsen's head.

"Let us go!" said Vir Singh. His and Jabarsen's horses which were tied to a tree, neighed in horror and broke loose and ran away.

Vir Singh and his men had to

take to their heels, leaving the hermit and the bear behind them. Several of his soldiers bled, attacked by wolves and hyenas. They ran at a speed at which they had never run before. Many tumbled and rolled on the ground. The bears kicked them hard..

Vir Singh and his men came out of the forest, into the wide open meadow. Even then the animals were seen chasing them. A huge tiger came upon Vir Singh. He fell down and swooned.

"Enough, friends, come back!"

A charming boy stood on a rock between the forest and the meadow and gave out this command. The animals stopped and returned to the forest.



THE KING AND THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER

Long, long ago in a village in Italy lived a farmer and his daughter. The farmer was honest and hardworking and the daughter, fair and intelligent.

One morning the farmer was tilling his land, his plough struck something solid. He dug a little and, to his amazement, unearthed a bell. After he wiped it clean he discovered that it was no ordinary bell. It was made of shining gold!

"This can only belong to a king!" thought he, "I shall present

it to him and am sure he'll reward me handsomely."

On reaching home, he showed it to his daughter and said that he proposed to carry it to the king. "It is no doubt a beautiful bell! But when the king sees it he will find that something is amiss and you may land yourself in trouble," warned the daughter whose name was Teressina.

"Well, what can be wrong with such a perfect piece of workmanship?" said the farmer, still charmed with his discovery.



"Take it to the king then," replied Teressina, "and be prepared to hear him comment:

It is a lovely bell!
But where is its clapper?
O my good old farmer!
Could you kindly tell,
Will the bell ring?
Will the bell sing?"

Paying no heed to his daughter's words, the farmer marched straight to the palace.

Bowing low before the king, he began, "Your Majesty, I found this wonderful bell while hoeing my land. I feel that it deserves to be hung atop the tall palace tower."

The king took the bell, turned it upside down and round and round, even sniffed at it, but then said:

"It is a lovely bell!
But where is its clapper?
O my good old farmer!
Could you kindly tell,
Will the bell ring?
Will the bell sing?"

"Good heavens!" the farmer couldn't help but exclaim, "She guessed it, word for word!"

"Who guessed what?" asked the surprised king.

"Your Highness," replied the farmer, "my daughter had told me that the king, upon seeing the



bell, would say just those words, but I turned a deaf ear to her."

"Ah!" said the king with a grin, "This daughter of yours must be very clever indeed!" He asked one of his attendants to bring a basketful of cotton-bolls. "Take these and ask her to make a set of dress for each of my courtiers. She should complete the job before the sun sets tomorrow."

The dumbfounded farmer, leaving the bell behind, for which he received not even a thanks, what to speak of any reward, picked up the basket and set out for home.

He told his daughter all that



had happened in the palace and about the king's order too.

Teressina went to the barn and returned with a basketful of chips of wood. "Do not be anxious, dear father, now go right back to the king. Tell him that I do not have a wheel to spin the cotton nor a loom to weave the cloth. If His Majesty could have them made for me out of these basketful of chips of wood, his order will be carried out to the letter."

The king was only too happy to learn that such an intelligent young girl resided in his domain. "That daughter of yours seems to be very sharp," he said to the farmer. "Send her to me so that I

may have the pleasure of her company. But see to it that she comes to me neither naked nor clothed, neither having eaten anything nor having drunk, but on a stomach neither full nor empty, neither on foot nor riding and neither during the day nor at night. If she fails to fulfil these conditions to every single detail, then both father and daughter will be banished forever from my kingdom."

The farmer returned home in the lowest of spirits. "What is the matter?" asked Teressina. He told her the task the king has set before her and the fate that awaits them should she fail to accomplish it. But she consoled him, saying, "Do not worry father, everything will go perfectly well."

Just before dawn the next day, the people of the kingdom witnessed an unusual but amusing sight. A damsel, draped with a fishing-net and straddled on a pony but with one of her feet dragging on the ground and the other, dangling in the air, was slowly making her way to the palace.

The guards on learning that she was only carrying out their master's summons, escorted her

to the royal chambers. But the doors were closed.

Then as the first streak of light was filtering in through the darkness, Teressina gently pulled the pony's ears and it gave a loud neigh. Out rushed the king, still not fully awake.

"I'm the farmer's daughter, Teressina, they call me.

In compliance to your order
Here I stand before thee.

No food nor drink for me
nor for my pony,

What we have lapped a little
is neither solid nor liquid—
but honey!"

The king at once burst into fits of laughter and almost split his

well-rounded sides. Realising that she had proved smarter than himself, he said, "Teressina! Dear, dear! What a lovely name! You are the girl that I ~~was~~ long waiting for. I shall forthwith make you my queen. But on condition that you should never meddle in my kingly duties."

The wedding was celebrated with much pomp and fanfare. People from all over the land thronged in the capital. A farmer, who had come with a pregnant cow, hoping to get a good price for it, could not find a place for the night nor a barn to put the animal in. At last a kindly innkeeper told him that he could



tether the cow to a cart that a villager had kept before the inn and himself lie down in the warmth of his kitchen.

Early next morning the farmer was happy to find a calf born to his cow during the night. As he was about to lead them away he was stopped by the owner of the cart. "You may take your cow if you like, but not the calf. For the calf goes with the cart," said he.

There were heated arguments followed by a scuffle. Meanwhile the guards arrived and took both men to the royal court. The king heard attentively the two sides and twitching his moustache, thought for a while. Then amidst

pin-drop silence, pronounced his judgement: "The calf goes with the cart."

The farmer was shocked. Alas, what could he do? The king's words were final. The good innkeeper, seeing him so depressed, asked him to go to the queen and seek her advice.

"No," said the sentry at the palace gate, "the king has strictly forbidden the queen to hear people's cases. You cannot meet her."

The farmer, determined to meet the queen, climbed the walls and espied her in the garden tending roses. He bowed to her and told her of the injustice that



had been done to him. Teressina instructed the tearful farmer as to what he should do.

The next morning the farmer equipped with a net went to the dry lake in the forest. Lowering the net into the lake he pretended to catch lots of fish. The king and his retinue passed by this lake on their hunting trip. Seeing the farmer's efforts at catching fish in a dry lake, the king almost fell off his horse laughing. "My dear friend, you've surely gone out of your mind. How many fish have you caught, may I know?" he asked the farmer.

"Your Majesty," answered the farmer, "if ■ cart can give birth to a calf then why can't ■ dry lake yield fish?"

The king understood that somebody else had ■ hand behind this play-acting. "Good man, have you been lately speaking to some wise person?" he asked the farmer.

The farmer spoke the truth and the king revised his order, this time awarding him the calf.

At the palace he called the queen and said, "Dear Teressina, I had asked you not to interfere in the state's affairs. You have not honoured my wish. You may take any one object—but only



one—which you like most and leave for your father's house and lead the life of ■ farm-girl once again."

"Your Majesty, grant me one more night so that we may dine together for the last time," humbly pleaded Teressina.

"All right, so be it," said the king.

This time what did clever Teressina have in her mind? She ordered the cook to prepare dishes that were most palatable and at the same time induced sleep.

Since it was ■ farewell dinner the king obliged the queen by eating and drinking whatever she

offered him.

Still in his chair, the king soon fell into a deep slumber.

Teressina asked the servants to pick up the chair along with its content and follow her quietly.

On reaching home she knocked on the door and called her father.

"At this time of the night! Had I not feared that one day, sooner or later, the king will turn you out? Nevertheless, I've kept your work-clothes all ready," said the old man in a remorseful tone.

But when he opened the door he could not believe his eyes. He rubbed them to make sure he was not dreaming. Teressina, requesting him not to question her for the rest of the night, put the king to bed. Then she asked the servants to wait in a nearby hut.

In the morning the king woke up to the symphony of various

sounds of birds and animals and found the room flooded with bright sunshine. He could no longer recognise his bed-chamber. "Where am I?" he asked Teressina who was beside him.

"My lord! Didn't you ask me to leave for my father's house with only one object that I like most? I liked you most, your Majesty," she answered with a sly smile.

The king gave out a hearty laugh and sent for his chariot and returned to the palace with Queen Teressina. And they lived in harmony for the rest of their lives.

But from that day onwards the king always took the queen to the royal court of justice.

"You must help me in judging the cases, dear," he said. And there was never a wrong judgement, even though the jolly king often went to sleep amidst the trials!

Retold by Anup Kishore Das



CHANDAMAMA SUPPLEMENT-23
TREASURY OF KNOWLEDGE

WHO IS HE?

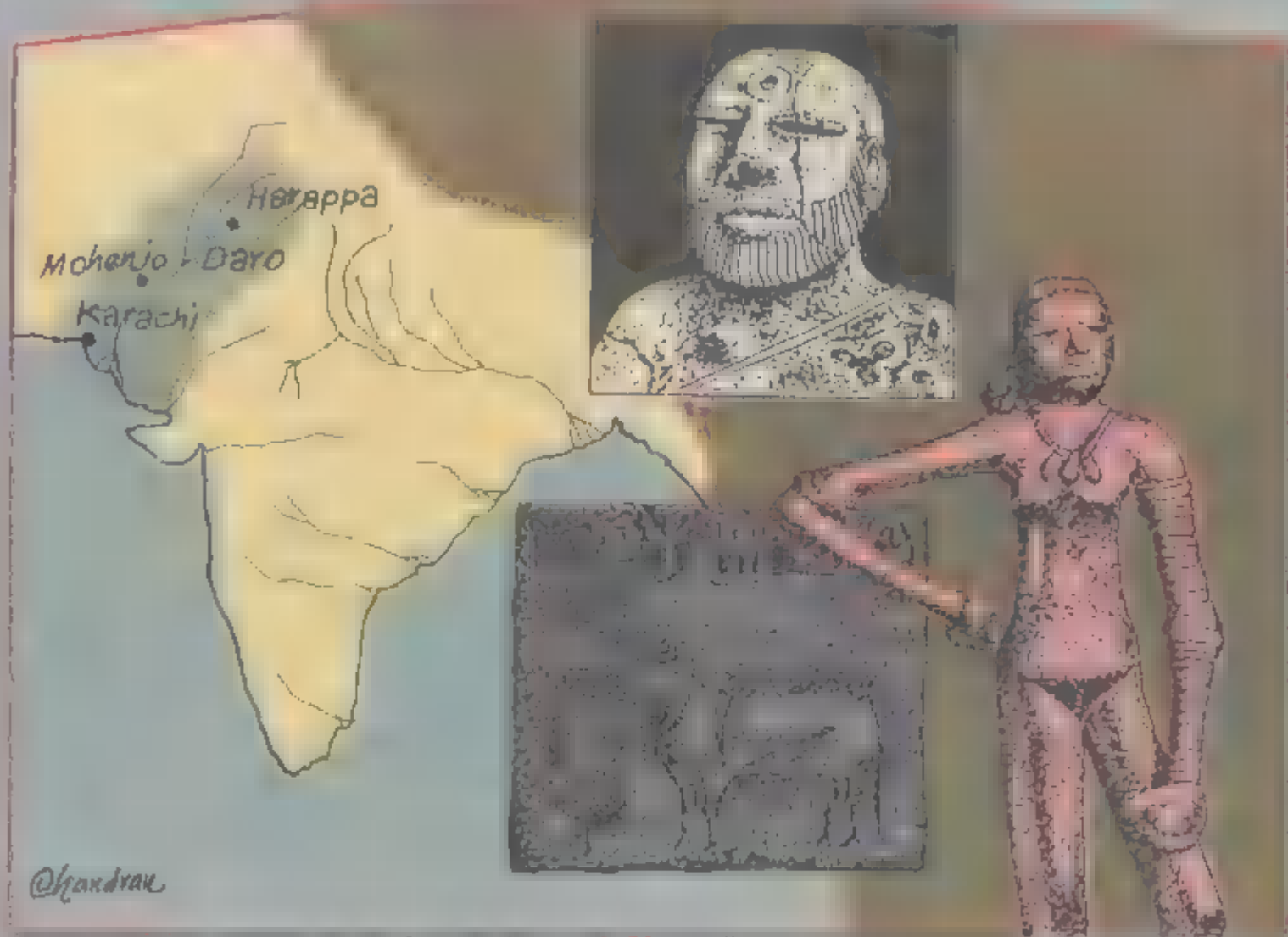
A poet was engrossed in composing a lyric. He stopped at one point. It is because he felt inspired to write a certain line on the Lord, but was not sure whether to write it or not. He brooded over the line for long, but could not come to a decision. He laid down his pen and the palm-leaf and went to take his bath in the lake. Upon his return, he was surprised to find his wife eating her lunch. It was not her habit. She ate only after her husband had eaten. Now, his wife was no less surprised. She asked, "What is this? Did you not come a little while ago and write down a line and eat your lunch and go out?"

The poet looked at the palm-leaf. The line he had in mind but which he had not written, was found written. He realised that it was none other than the Lord Himself who had come and done it. He was in ecstasy. Who is he?

DO YOU KNOW?

1. Who was the President of the Indian National Congress when India became independent?
2. Who was the king to assume the title *Gangaikonda*—and why?
3. Which city did he found?
4. What are the four honours conferred by the Republic of India on worthy individuals?
5. Who were the great geometers of ancient India?

SINDHU, THE LAND AND THE RIVER



The river Sindhu, known in English as the Indus, is the source of the word India—the internationally known name of the country, Bharat. Flowing through Kashmir and Punjab, it meets the Arabian Sea. On its way, it receives several other big rivers, the Sohan, the Jhelum, the Chenab, the Ravi, the Beas, and

the Sutlej.

Sindhu was also the name borne by a large part of the valley of the river. A great civilisation had flourished on the valley thousands of years ago. Who has not heard of Mohenjo-Daro and Harappa? Remains of prosperous cities which existed five thousand years ago have been

found at these places. The cities had wide roads, large public halls and parks. Excellent specimens of craftsmanship in copper, bronze, silver, lead and gold have been found at both the places.

Sindh was the scene of the rise and fall of many great empires. It is described as a prosperous and beautiful country in the ancient literatures of India. It also expe-

rienced the invasion by Alexander the Great. The last great king of Sindh was Dahir who gave his life, bravely fighting the invader Muhammad Kasim, in the A.D.711

Unfortunately, India was divided in 1947 and Sindh or Sind became a part of Pakistan. Karachi is the major city of Sind.

NEWS FLASH

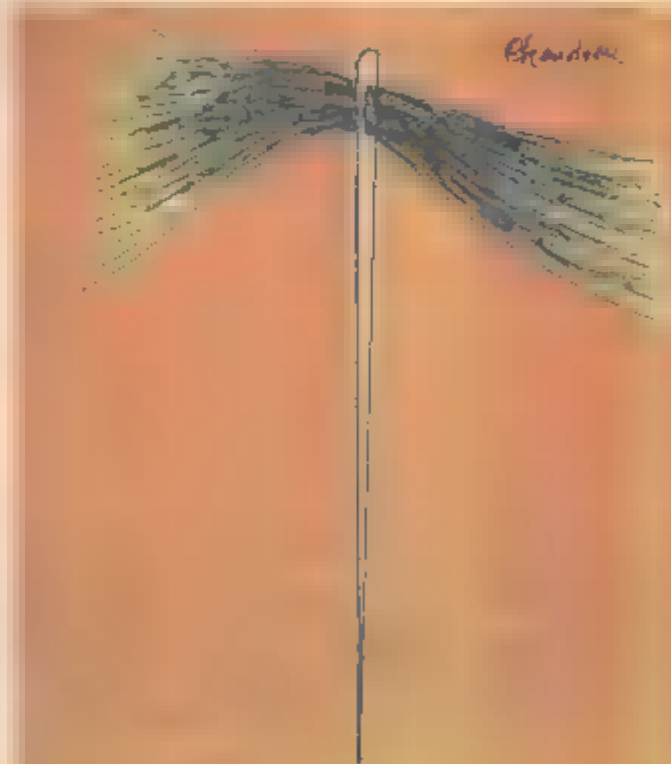


The Tallest

Parimal Barman (26 years) of Bangladesh is the tallest man in the world today, according to a report published in July this year. His height is 2.45 metres or 8 feet 1 inch. When he was hospitalised in Dhaka, a special cot had to be made for him.

New Record

Brijesh Shrivastava (22 years) of Bhopal has made it to the Guinness Book of Records by threading a strand of cotton 6,062 times through a needle (no. 13), on the 15th of July this year.



LET US EXPLORE THE WORLD OF LITERATURE

1. Where is to be found the earliest reference to Nachiketa, the boy who made the God of Death reveal the mystery of death?
2. Which Nobel Laureate wrote most of her poems only on the themes of motherhood, children, Nature and God?
3. To which country did she belong?
4. When did she receive the Nobel Prize?
5. How many mother tongues, including dialects, are there in India?

ANSWERS

WHO IS HE?

Jayadeva, the poet of *Gita Govinda*.

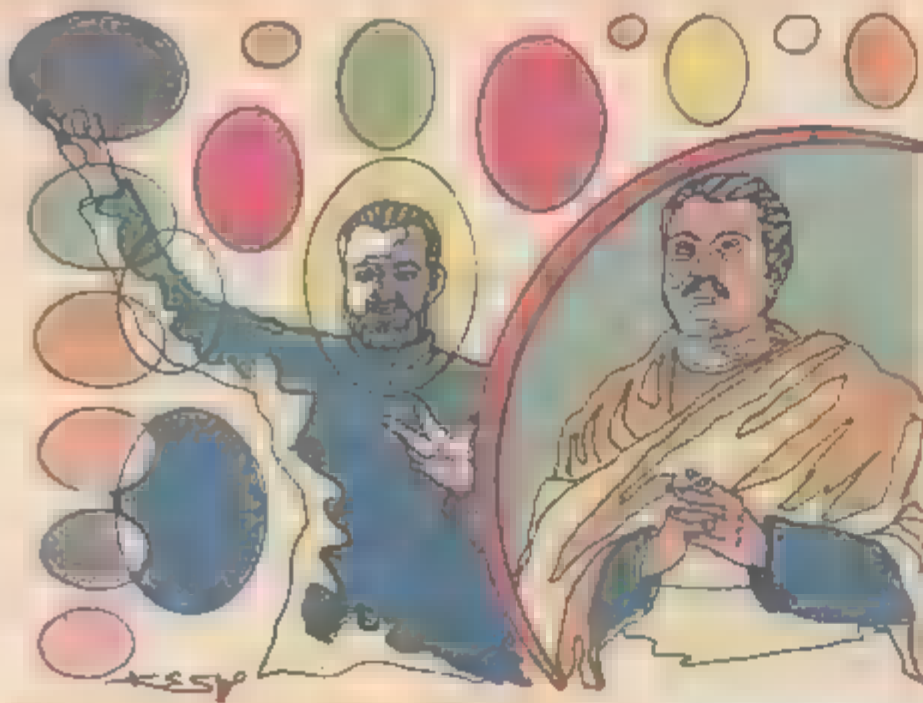
DO YOU KNOW?

1. Dr. Rajendra Prasad.
2. Chola King Rajendra (A.D. 11th century) to celebrate his victory over the Ganga kings.
3. Gangaikonda Cholapuram, in modern Tamil Nadu.
4. The highest is *Bharat Ratna*. Then come *Padma Vibhushan*, *Padma Bhushan* and *Padma Shree*.

5. Aryabhatta (6th century), Varahamihira (6th century), Brahmagupta (7th century), Mahaviracharya (9th century) and Bhaskaracharya (12th century).

LITERATURE

1. In the Rig Veda.
2. Gabriela Mistral (1889-1957).
3. Chile.
4. 1945.
5. 700, according to the 1971 census.

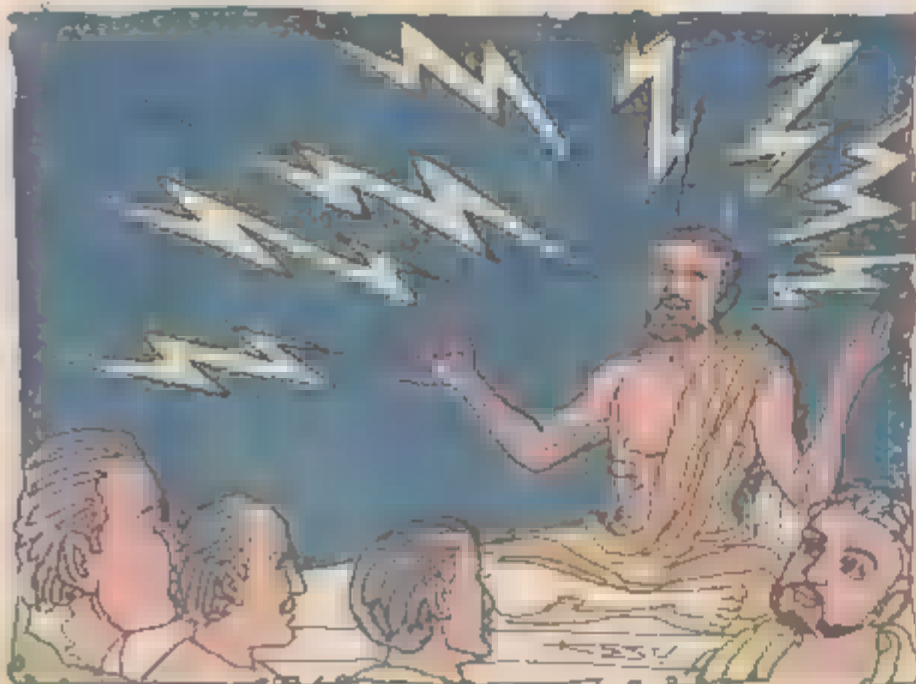
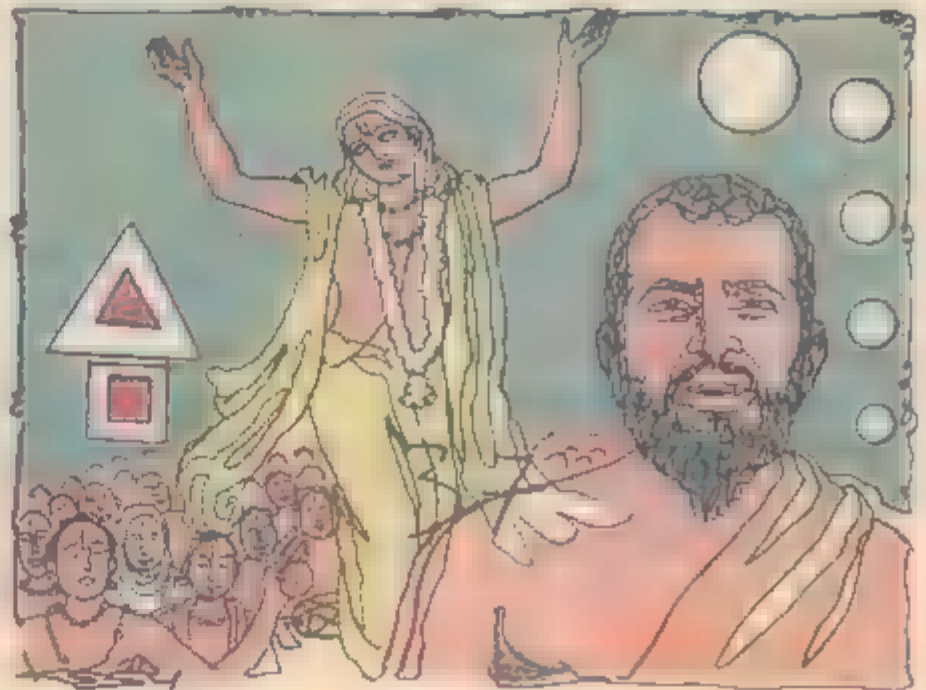


STORY OF

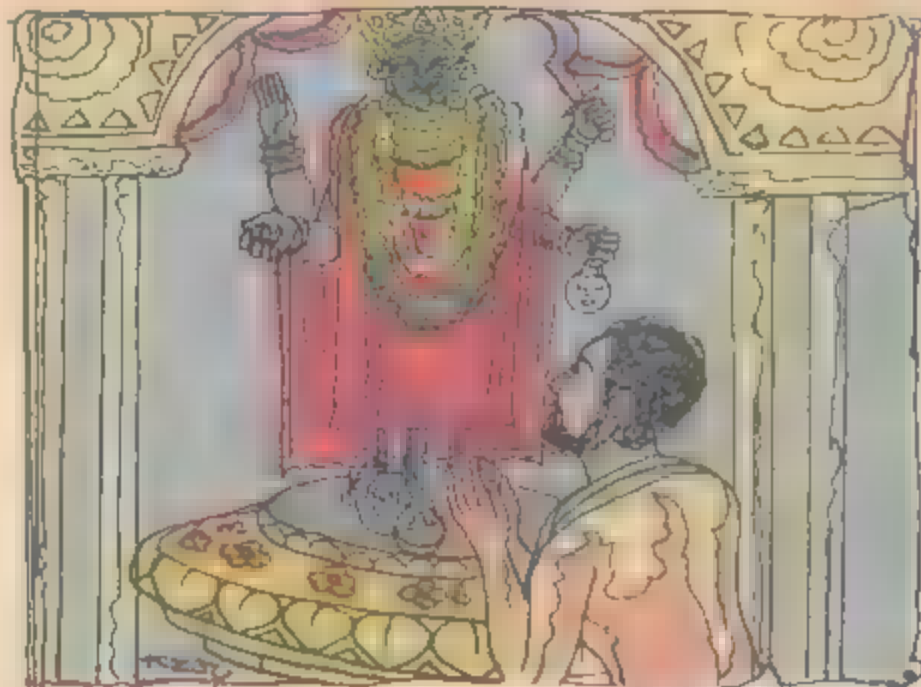
(6)

That was the time when many great men lived in Bengal. One of them was Keshab Chandra Sen, the leader of the Brahmo Samaj. Sri Ramakrishna visited his house and was soon in a trance. Keshab Chandra and his Samaj were greatly influenced by him.

Sri Ramakrishna once wished to know how Sri Chaitanya led the procession of Vaishnav devotees, singing the Kirtan. One day the vision of the procession came to him like a living reality—he looked on.

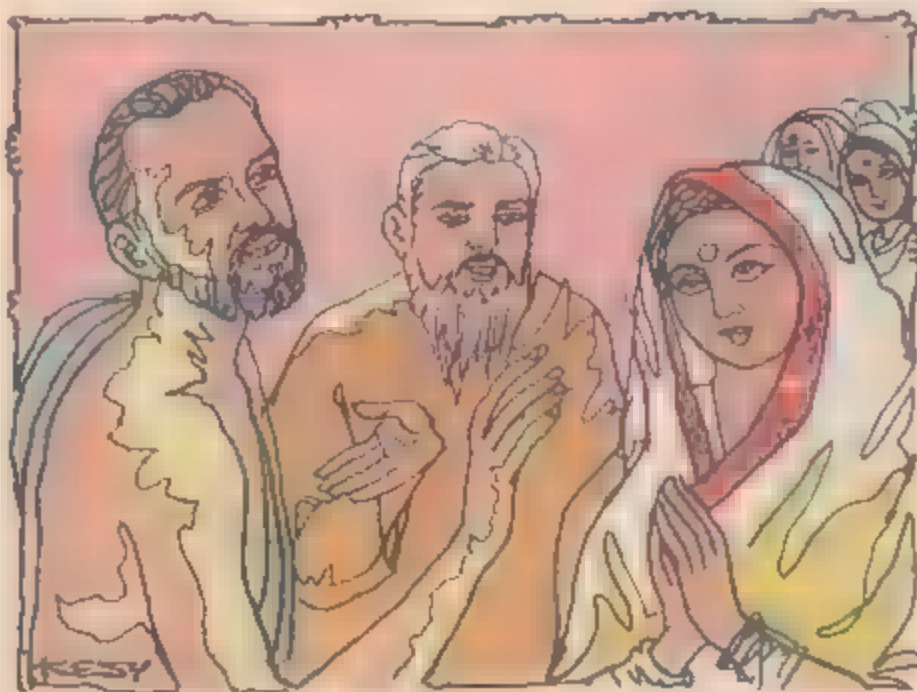
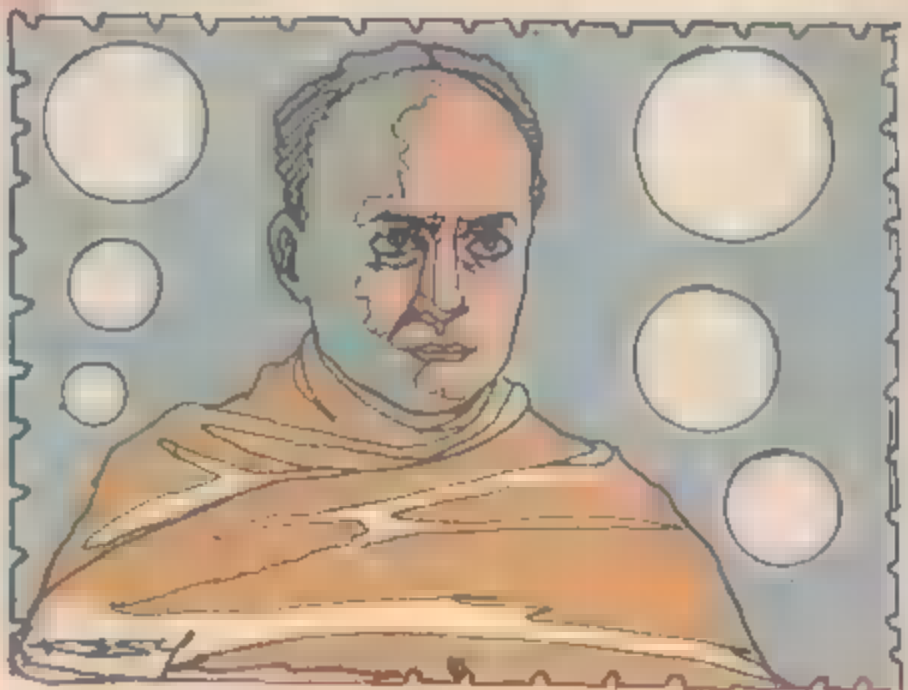


In November 1880 Narendranath, the future Vivekananda, visited Sri Ramakrishna. A look at the young man drives Sri Ramakrishna into ecstasy. Narendranath felt bewildered. At first he took the great sage to be mad, but the attraction for the sage proved to be irresistible.



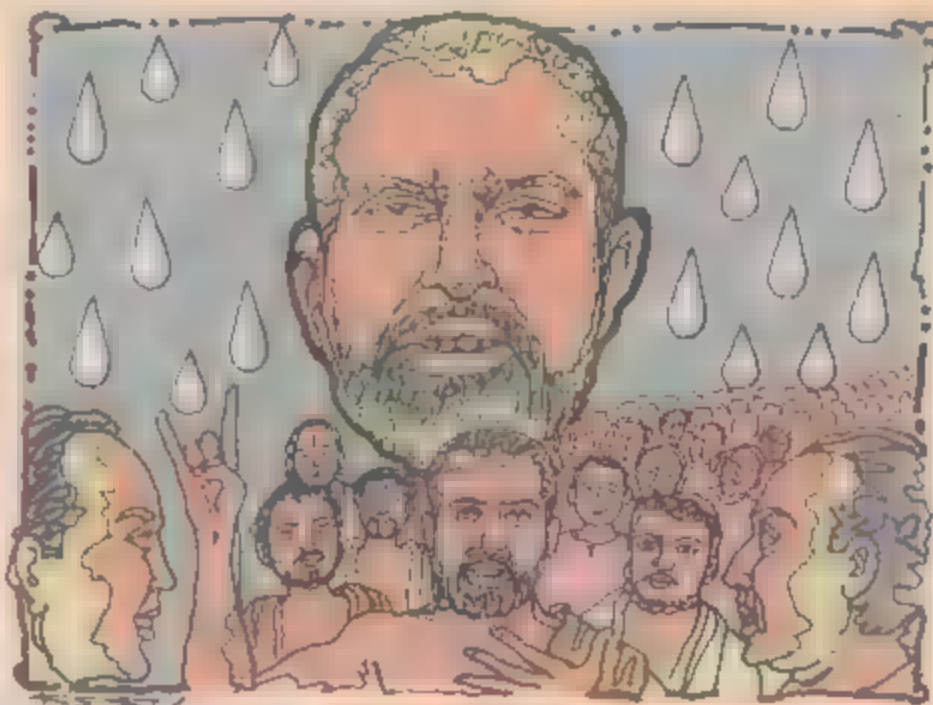
By and by Narendra Nath felt more and more drawn towards the Master. After his father's death, his family had no means of livelihood. He wanted Sri Ramakrishna to pray to Mother Kali for wealth. Sri Ramakrishna sent him to pray for it himself. But before the Mother, Narendra Nath prayed for enlightenment, not wealth.

Sri Ramakrishna met the great social reformer and educationist of the time, Iswar Chandra Vidya-sagar. Someone asked him, "Does a man of realisation speak?" He answered: "The bee stops buzzing once it sips the honey. But after drinking its fill, it may hum again in joy!"



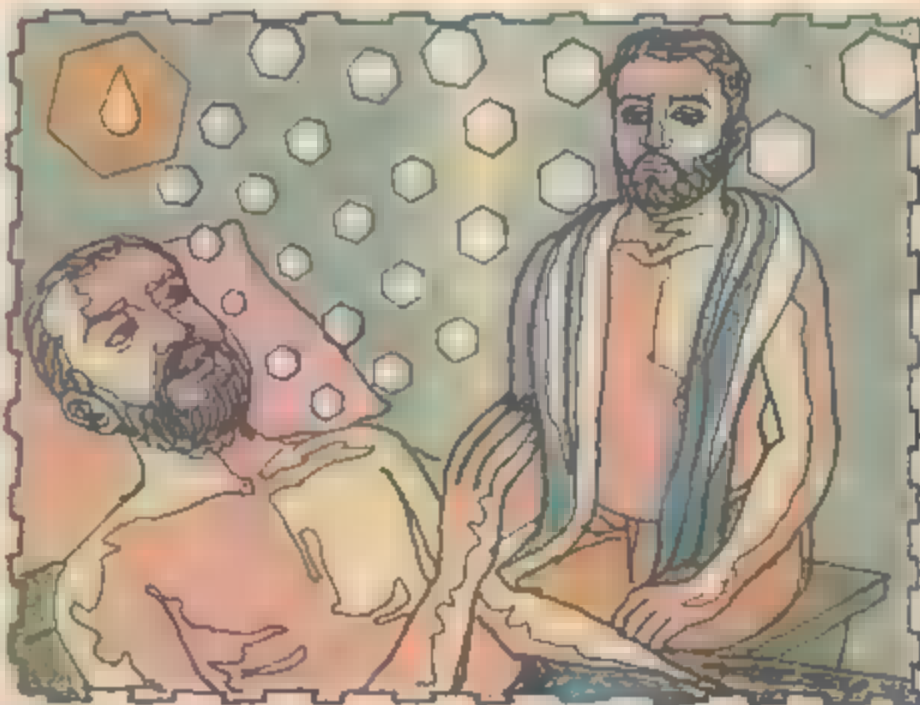
Several renowned men of the time came in contact with him. Among them were Debendra-nath Tagore, Vijay Krishna Goswami and Swami Dayananda. The dramatist Girish Chandra Ghosh became his disciple. Sri Ramakrishna witnessed his plays and blessed his artistes.

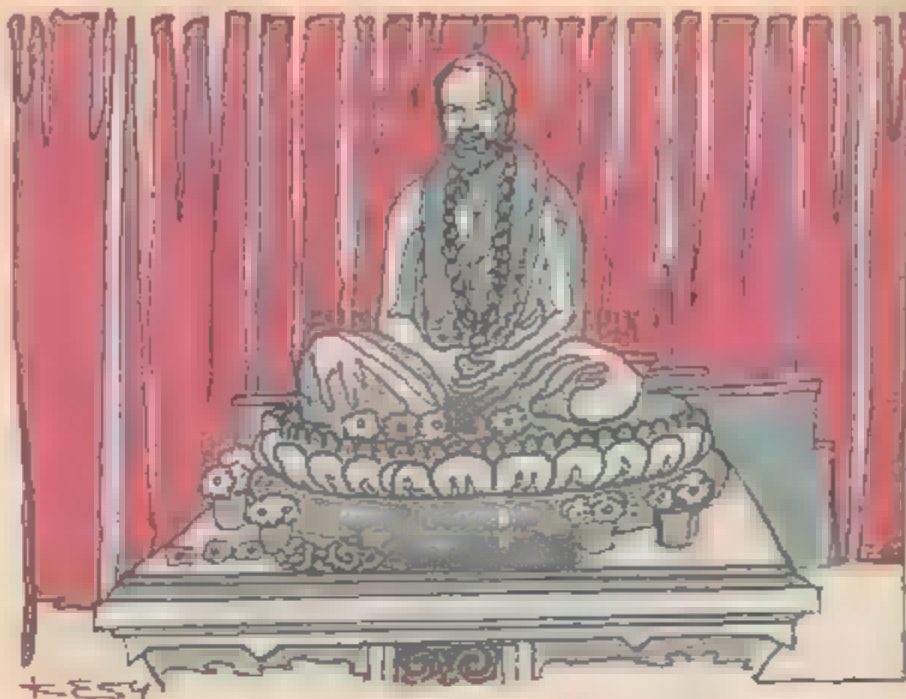
The news of this great sage, his utter simplicity and his words which at once changed the very meaning of life for many people, spread. Many came to see him. Crowds thronged him wherever he went.



He fell ill in 1885 with a pain in the throat. Doctors asked him not to speak much and not to go into trance. But that was not possible. When a seeker put a question to him, he had to answer. And when he saw a pure soul or heard the Lord's name uttered sincerely, he fell into a trance.

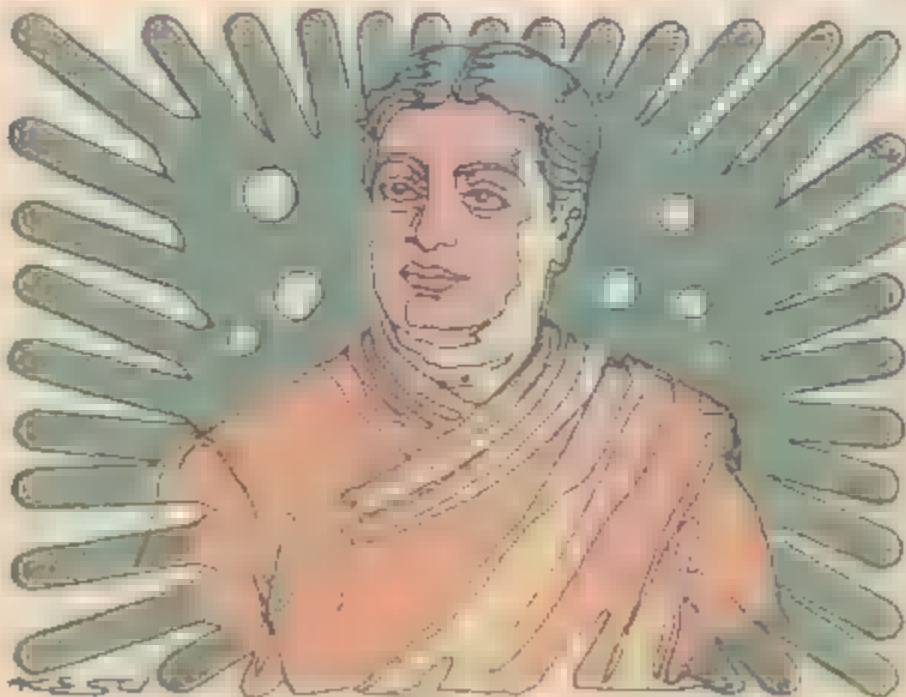
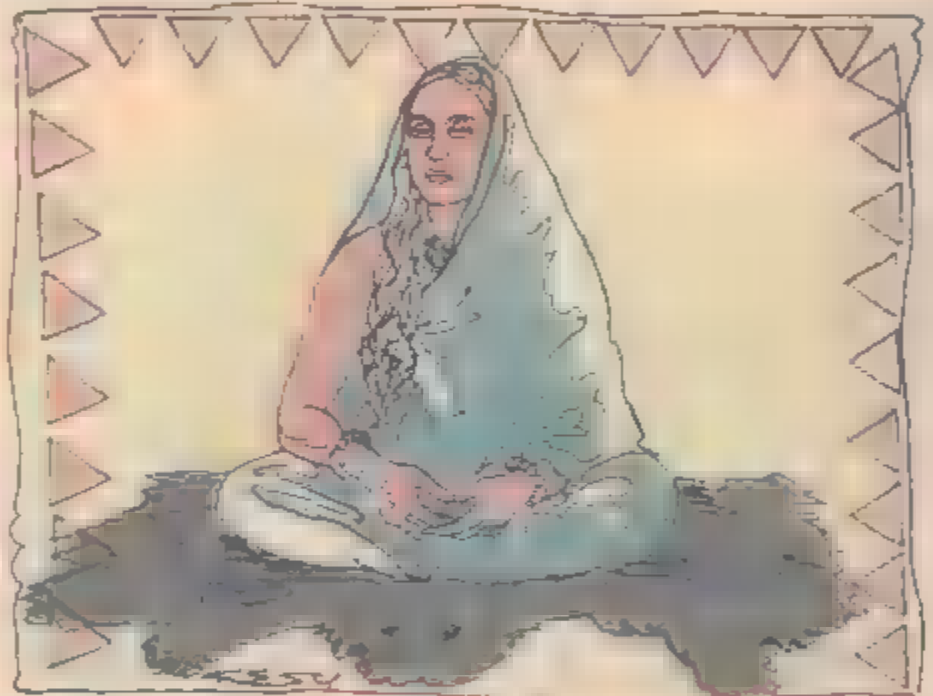
As his illness grew severe, he was taken to Cossipore gardens near Calcutta. Despite the best of attention given to him by devoted doctors, notably Mahendra Lal Sarkar, his end was nearing. One day he called Narendra Nath and gazed at him, passing on his powers to the young disciple.





Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa passed away on the 16th of August 1886. In the evening the body was placed on the funeral pyre at Cossipore Ghat and was offered to the flames. Thus ended the life of one of the greatest spiritual leaders whose impact has been even greater thereafter.

Mother Sarada Devi, the blessed consort of Sri Ramakrishna, remained a great source of solace for the disciples. They turned to her with devotion and received her affection as a child would receive from its mother.



Rising to the trust reposed in him by his Master, Narendra Nath, later celebrated as Swami Vivekananda, spread the message of Sri Ramakrishna far and wide. Words of Sri Ramakrishna continue to inspire us.

THE END



NEW TALES OF KING VIKRAM AND THE VAMPIRE

THE DREAM-GIRL

Dark ~~was~~ the night and weird the atmosphere. It rained from time to time. At the intervals of the roars of thunder and the moaning of jackals could be heard the eerie laughter of spirits. Flashes of lightning showed fearful faces.

But King Vikram swerved not. He climbed the ancient tree once again and brought the corpse down. However, ~~he~~ soon ~~he~~ he began crossing the desolate cremation ground with the corpse lying on his shoulder, the vampire that possessed the corpse said, "O King, you must be expecting to receive some great reward out of your efforts. But I know of people who work hard in order to achieve a certain goal, but when they reach the goal, they lose interest in it. Let me narrate an incident to you in order to explain my point. Pay attention to my narration. That might bring you some relief."



The vampire went on: Some two hundred years ago the kingdom of Champapur was ruled by King Birbar. He had only one child—Subroto, who was ■ bright young man.

King Birbar ■■■ a man of philosophical temperament. It was his fond desire to study the scriptures and devote his time to the basic issues of life such ■ the purpose of life, reason for death, so on and so forth. But the affairs of the state did not allow him any time to fulfil his aspirations. He thought, "Subroto is a capable prince. Why not I transfer my stately burdens to him and pass my time in studies and discus-

sions? But I should also see to it that he ■ happily married."

King Birbar collected the portraits of a few princesses and observed them. The portrait of Princess Padmavati of Rajnagar struck him as exceptionally good. What is more, he had known the king and queen of Rajnagar quite intimately and he had also seen Padmavati when she was ■ small girl. He had been impressed by her talk and behaviour.

He summoned the prince and showed him the portrait and said, "My boy, I ■■■ not only happy with the character and beauty of Padmavati, but also I believe that our alliance with Rajnagar would do us good. As you know, Rajnagar, is ■ powerful kingdom. Our subjects depend on Rajnagar for trade and commerce. It would be most wise on our part to cultivate a closer relationship with that kingdom."

The prince took the portrait and promised to give his decision to the king the next day. He was not the kind of man to hesitate to accept his father's proposal forthwith. But he had lately developed some fancy in regard to his marriage. One day, in the afternoon, he was riding past a

village when he saw a troupe of colourfully dressed gypsies performing a play. He pulled the reins of his horse and stopped for a while to see the play. The heroine charmed him. Even after he left the place, the face of the gypsy girl continued to haunt him. At night he dreamt of a girl who was picking flowers in a garden. Upon seeing him, the girl smiled and came closer to him and offered a flower to him. The girl in the dream was none other than the girl in the street-play.

He woke up. He got the idea that he was destined to marry this dream-girl. The fact that the girl came closer to him as soon as she saw him and offered the flower to him, could not have meant anything else.

He met the king and said, "Father, I plan to tour our kingdom, donning a disguise, for some months. That would give me a first-hand knowledge about the condition of the people. The experience would be helpful in the future."

"Do so, my son, if that is your desire. Your marriage must wait," said the king.

The prince put on the guise of a commoner and set out for a tour of the kingdom. Needless to



say, his aim was to locate his dream-girl. To begin with, he went to the village where he had seen the girl. On enquiry he learnt that the villagers had no idea about the girl or the troupe. They were travelling gypsies and nobody knew where they camped now.

The prince galloped from village to village, passed his nights at taverns and inns, discussed with the people problems of the kingdom and enriched himself with experience. But his aim remained unfulfilled. Even then he hoped that one day he would meet the girl. She would welcome him.



A month passed and then two months and then three months. The prince was tired. Yet he did not give up his search.

One day, he relaxed on the grass in a forest, leaving his horse to graze. He fell asleep. When he woke up, he did not find the horse anywhere around him. He went to look for it. Suddenly his eyes fell on a girl seated on the bank of a lake, a fishing-rod in hand.

"Look here, did you by any chance see a horse?" he threw the question at the girl.

The girl looked at him. The prince at once gave out a cry of joy. "At last! At last!! You are

the girl of my dream!" he exclaimed, walking towards her. "How much have I suffered in my efforts to locate you! Come on, let us marry."

The girl left her fishing-rod, stood up and then ran away. The prince followed her. It was not easy for him to find any human dwelling in the forest. Then he found a few huts. From one of them came out an elderly man, looking perplexed.

"Are you the young man who proposed to my daughter? Who are you? What do you do? What are you doing in the forest? Who are your parents? What is your father's name and occupation? What made you propose to my daughter?" the man asked the prince.

The prince stood still. Then he saluted the man and said, "Pardon me, good man, all I can say is, I am a fool. I am sorry."

He turned and walked away. Soon he found his horse. He returned to the palace, to the king's great joy and agreed to marry Princess Padmavati.

The vampire paused and then, in a voice stern and grave, demanded of King Vikram, "O King, what kind of man was Prince Subroto? Although he



described himself as a fool out of humility, I am afraid, he was really a fool. Why should he otherwise give up the idea of marrying the dream-girl after discovering her? Answer me if you can. Should you keep mum despite your knowledge of the answer, your head would roll off your neck."

Forthwith answered King Vikram, "Far from being a fool, the prince was wise. It is not unusual for a young man to be influenced by a dream. Sometimes the dreams can be meaningful, but in this case what he dreamt was only a continuation of his fancy for the gypsy girl. Since he had taken the dream seriously, he was

careful to see that it fulfilled accurately. According to his dream, the dream-girl should have received him with a flower. In reality, the girl fled. Secondly, the questions put to him by the girl's father woke him up to certain practical lessons. A poor, ordinary man like that forest-dweller was not ready to agree to his proposal without ascertaining details about him. Must he, being a prince, readily marry one whom he never knew? This awakening made him withdraw the proposal.

No sooner had the king concluded his answer than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.

If you would hit the mark, you must aim a little above it;
Every arrow that flies feels the attraction of earth.

Longfellow

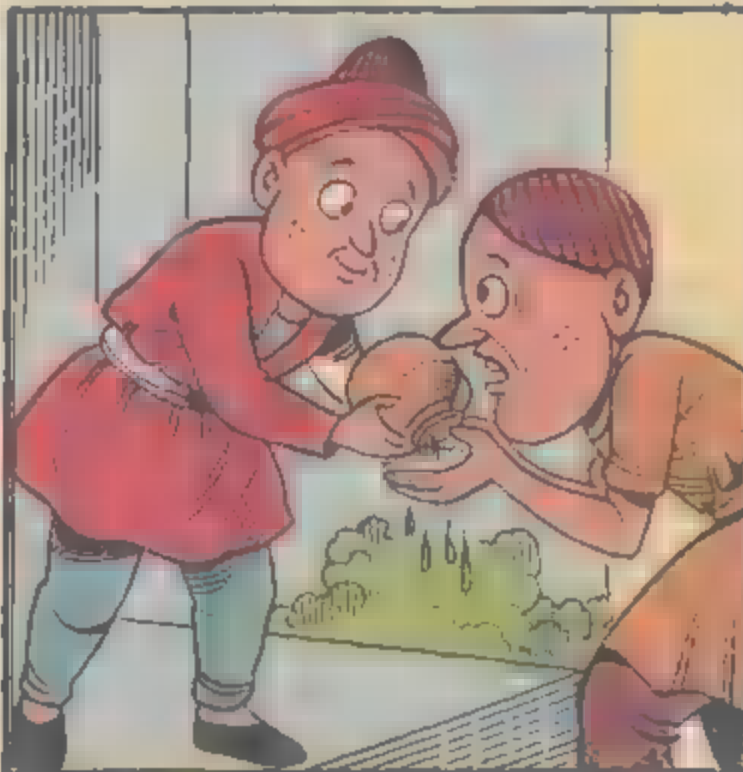
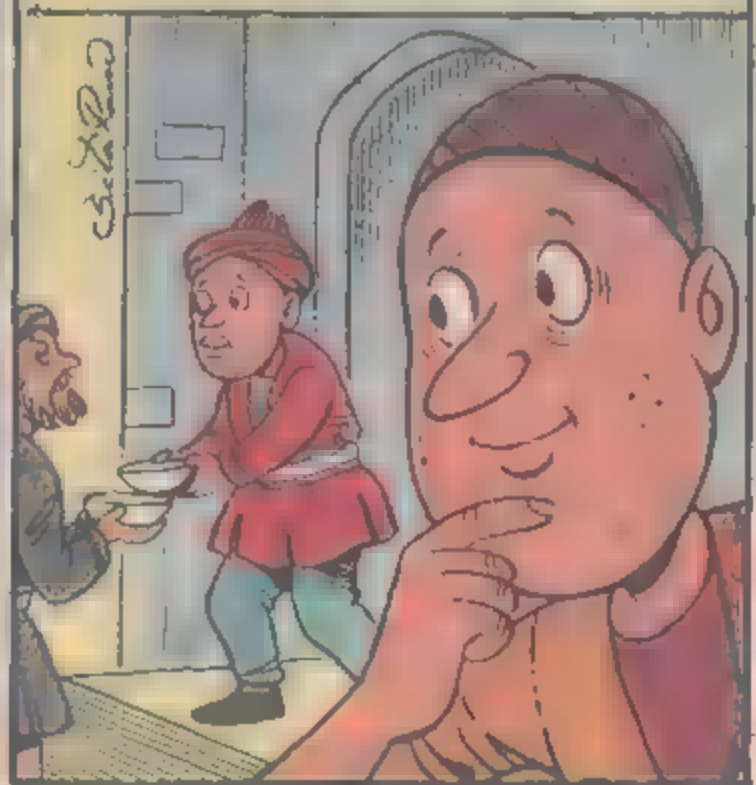
THE WAY OF THE WORLD

THE TREASURE BOX



Uncle Habul was quite generous towards the poor. One day he was giving food to a few men and women.

A burglar who noticed this thought that Uncle Habul was quite wealthy and should be a good target for him.

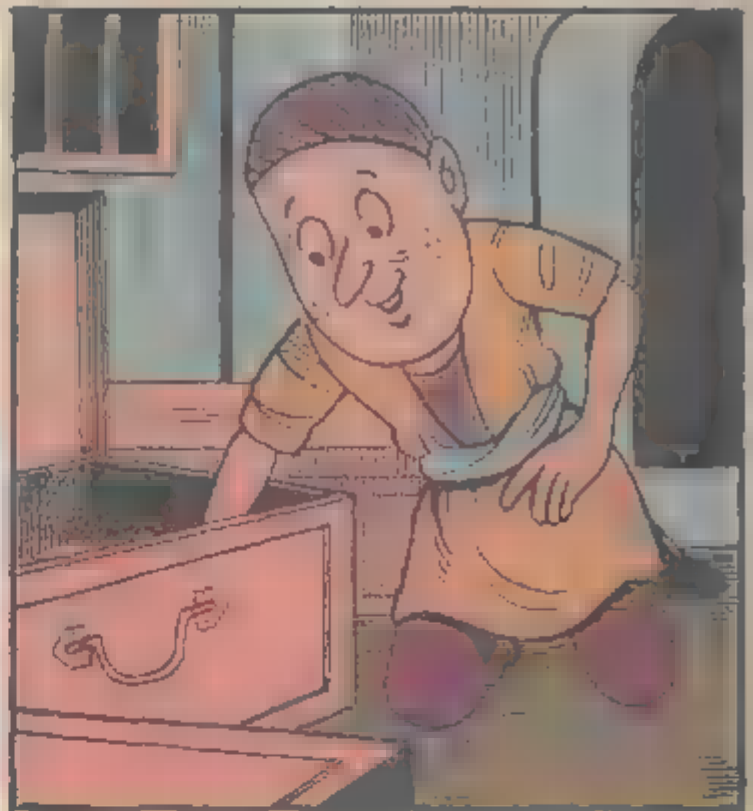


Posing as a tired traveller, the burglar asked Uncle Habul for some water. "You are quite charitable. I am sure, God has given you enough!" observed the burglar.

"Well, whatever I have in these boxes enables me to be charitable," said the Uncle, smiling

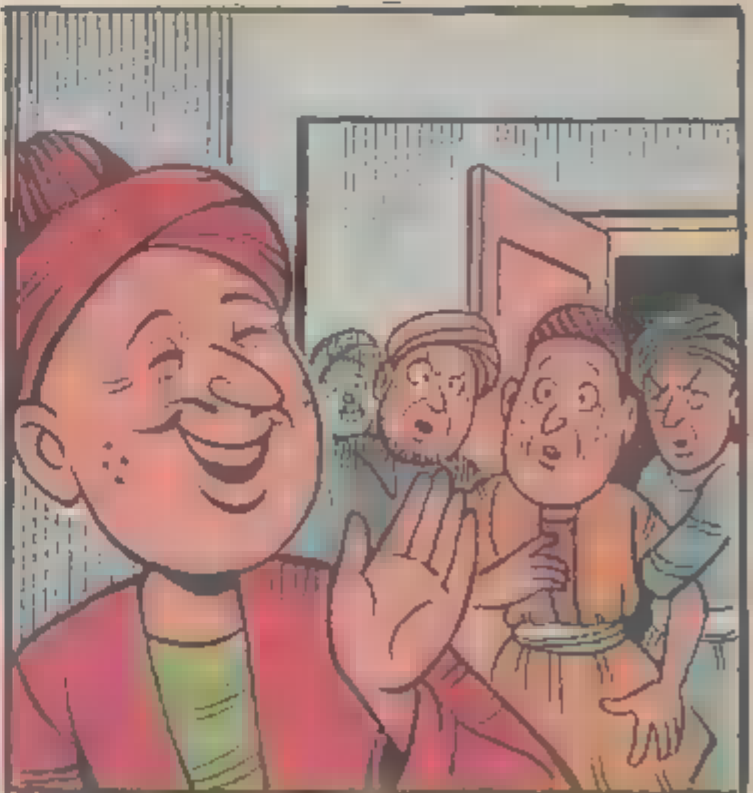
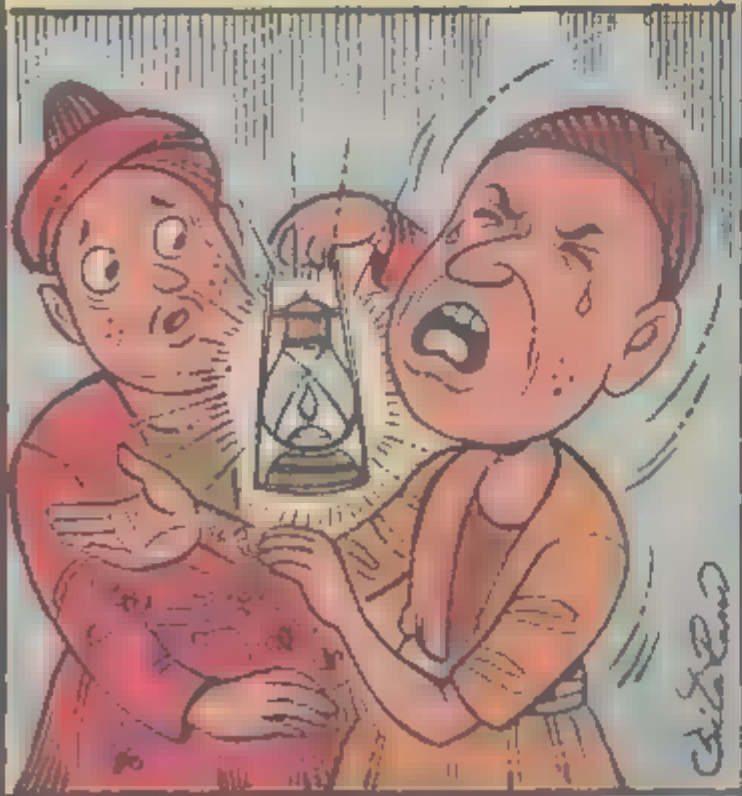


At night the burglar scaled the wall and entered the Uncle's compound. He was happy to see the doors of the house open.

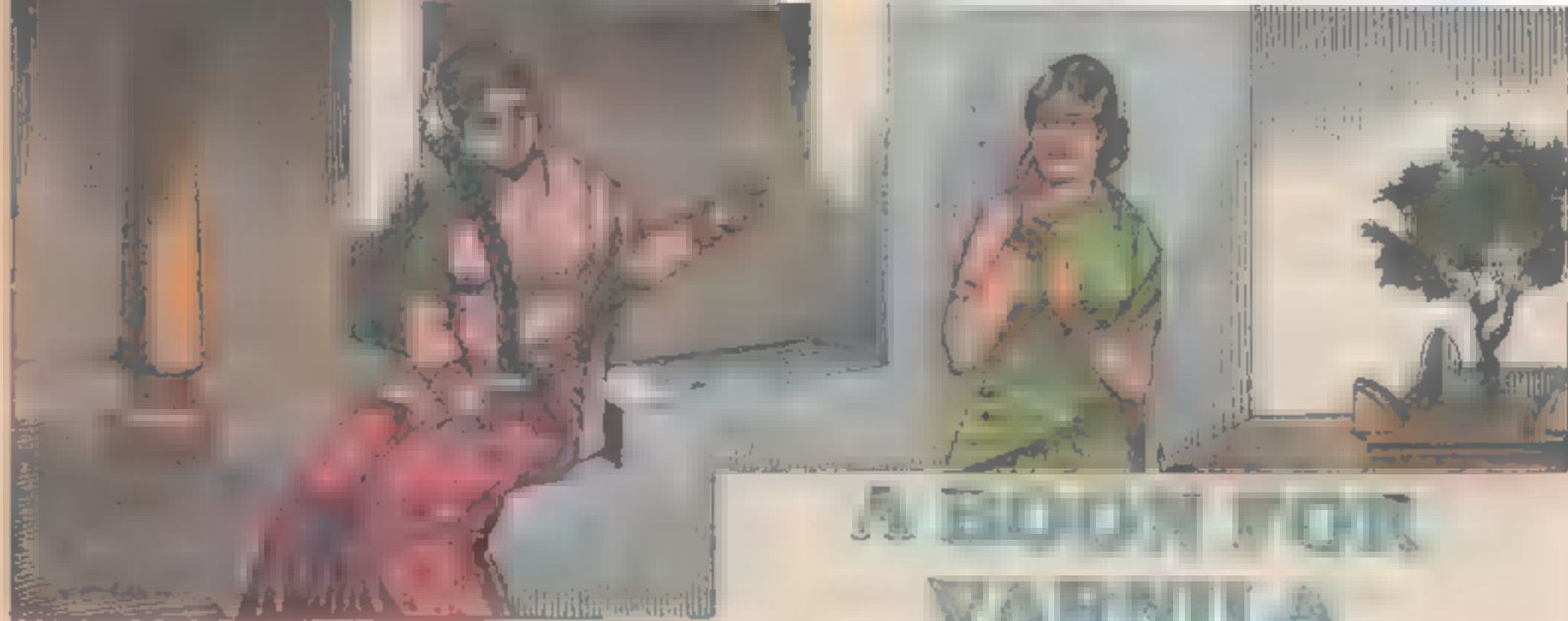


"So, these are the boxes filled with wealth!" thought the burglar. He then put his right hand into one box.

Next moment he cried out in horror. Uncle Habul got up and lighted a lamp. The burglar stood crying, holding his right hand with his left hand.



The neighbours came running and caught the burglar. Laughing, the Uncle explained, "I meant that whatever I earn from my beehives enables me to be charitable!"



A BOON FOR VARNILA

Varnila was a girl of our neighbourhood. I call her a girl and you too should call her a girl because courtesy demands that. But for most of the people in the village, she was a volcano!

‘Varnila’ meant colourful. She was colourful in her words!

Alas, she would not tolerate anything that went against her wish or fancy. She had learnt all the rude phrases that could be found in the biggest dictionary of slangs and she was never tired of using them—even against her two elder brothers.

But she had lost her parents. The elder brothers were quite indulgent to her. In her death-bed, their mother had asked the boys to pardon all the defects of Varnila. The boys had promised to do so and they were quite faithful to the promise.

But the pity is, nobody was

willing to marry her. First, she was rude, intolerant and arrogant. Secondly, as she did nothing and ate all sorts of things, she had grown quite bulky for her age.

But she did not care.

It was time for her brothers to get married. But how can they marry unless the younger sister was married? They advised her to change her ways, but that was in vain.

Varnila was in the habit of strolling into the grove on the lake outside the village. She had hung a swing to the stout branch of a banyan tree. She spent an hour there, enjoying the swing and chewing roasted ground-nuts.

One afternoon she was surprised to find a beautiful lady using her swing. She at once changed into a volcano of angry

epithets. "How dare you do this? Is it your father's property, you witch?" she shouted.

"Tut, tut, child! Don't shriek. I am no witch, but a goddess—the presiding deity of that forest yonder. I happened to see the swing and thought of enjoying it for a while," said the goddess.

"You are ■ goddess, ■■ you? Why don't you give me a boon?" demanded Varnila.

"I will. But don't tell anyone else that you saw me. You see, all the people would rush into the forest to find me and obtain boons from me. My peace and the peace of the forest would be gone. Now, for your boon, well, I bless that you would find a husband before long!" said the goddess.

"But that is not the boon I want to have!" cried out Varnila. But the goddess had already vanished.

The very next day a young man, walking with his luggage, asked Varnila's brothers if he could find ■ room on rent anywhere in the village. He had been appointed as the headmaster of the newly established school just outside the village.

"Well, we don't mind giving you ■ room in our house," said



the brothers. They had a large house and they charged only ■ nominal rent. The young man, Prakash, ■■ happy.

He cooked his food everyday himself. At night, on returning from the school, he ate whatever ■■ left from the morning. He had no patience to cook ■ second time.

"How long would you do like this? Why don't you marry?" Varnila's brothers who had become quite friendly with him, asked him ■■ day.

"I don't mind marrying, provided my would-be bride can cook well!" said Prakash.

Now, the brothers said



seriously, "Would you like to taste our Varnila's cooking?"

"Why not!" said Prakash. Varnila, no doubt, appeared funny to him, but he had grown some affection for her. He thought her rather naive and childish.

The brothers asked Varnila to cook the lunch for Prakash. "Your luck depends on your performance," they warned her.

"Very good," thought Varnila. "I will cook in such a manner that Prakash would flee the village! If I cook well and he marries me, he would make me cook three times everyday and my life would be hell."

She cooked, trying to make the items as tasteless as possible.

The two brothers and Prakash sat down for lunch together. The brothers had just thrown morsels into their mouths when their faces looked grim and they looked at each other with deep sadness.

But what is this? Prakash seemed to devour the items with the greatest-ever relish! "I had never eaten such delicious dishes!" he declared again and again. If at first the brothers thought it to be a joke, soon they were convinced about his sincerity.

"Should we then arrange for the wedding?" they asked.

Prakash lowered his head and said, "If Varnila has no objection!"

Now, Varnila was hard put to recover her wits. How could such a miracle happen?

Soon she realised that it was the result of the boon of the goddess. In fact she began taking a liking for Prakash who liked her cooking so much!

They were married. And now that she too must eat what she cooked, she cooked really well. Work also helped her to shed a lot of her weight. To everybody's surprise she became a model wife!



THE SULTAN

A few centuries ago there was a Sultan who was as tyrannical as he was whimsical. If any merchant came to his city, the Sultan, under some pretext, took away all his wares. He was hated even by his own officials, servants and subjects. But the Sultans, in those days, were all-powerful and nobody could go against their wishes.

The merchants avoided the Sultan's city. But one day, one merchant named Abu, entered the city, ignorant of the risks involved in it. The fact is, one of his rivals, whom he had met on the way, had deliberately directed him there so that he was harassed.

As soon as he arrived in the city and settled down in an inn, he was informed that every visitor to the city was required to

meet the Sultan, before doing any business in the city.

Abu knew that one must carry a gift if one had to go to the Sultan. He presented a gem to the Sultan and the Sultan was pleased.

"We invite you to dine with us tonight," the Sultan told Abu.

Abu was obliged to accept the invitation. He was entertained to a reasonably good dinner. But, after that, the Sultan said, "You see, it is a sacred custom with me to play chess with my important guests."

"I see," said Abu. As a guest, he had to agree to play. But he was surprised to see the Sultan bring along a cat. The cat sat with its tail extended. On its tail were placed seven lamps.

"What does it mean?" asked Abu.



"You see, you have to play on as long as the cat sits still without dislodging a single lamp. If you lose your patience, you lose the game. And if you lose the game, you have to forfeit your goods to the value of a million gold mohurs," informed the Sultan.

Abu did not know what to do. According to the custom among the aristocrats of the time, once you accept a nobleman's hospitality, you have to agree to whatever he says. In any case, as a foreigner there was no question of his going against the Sultan's wish. He could not stop it even if the Sultan were to kill him.

He sat for the chess. The play

went on for three days and nights without the cat making the slightest movement. Abu suddenly lost patience and exclaimed, "I give up!"

"Thank you!" said the Sultan. "Now you must give up a million gold mohurs."

"I don't have so much money with me. My entire merchandise would be less than the value of a million gold mohurs," said Abu, in tears.

"Never mind. We are quite tolerant. We will not kill you because you cannot pay the whole amount. We will remain satisfied with whatever you have, but detain you in our custody. Your men can go back home and bring the remaining amount and we will release you," said the Sultan.

And that is what he did! He threw Abu in jail.

Abu's men reached home with great difficulty and reported everything to Abu's wife. She was shocked, but brave and intelligent that she was, she decided not to take the mischief lying down.

She led a caravan herself, disguised as a man and reached the Sultan's city. She too was invited by the Sultan to



dinner and chess-play.

"My lord, what would happen if, in the midst of our play, the cat jumps up and dislodges the lamps?" she asked.

"If that happens you can whip me and do anything you like," said the Sultan, confident of his cat's performance.

"Very well. Let all the members of your court and your main officers bear witness to your statement," she proposed.

The Sultan called the courtiers and the officers and repeated the condition before them. They were asked to stand outside the room.

The play began. Suddenly some rats were found scampering across the room. At once the cat

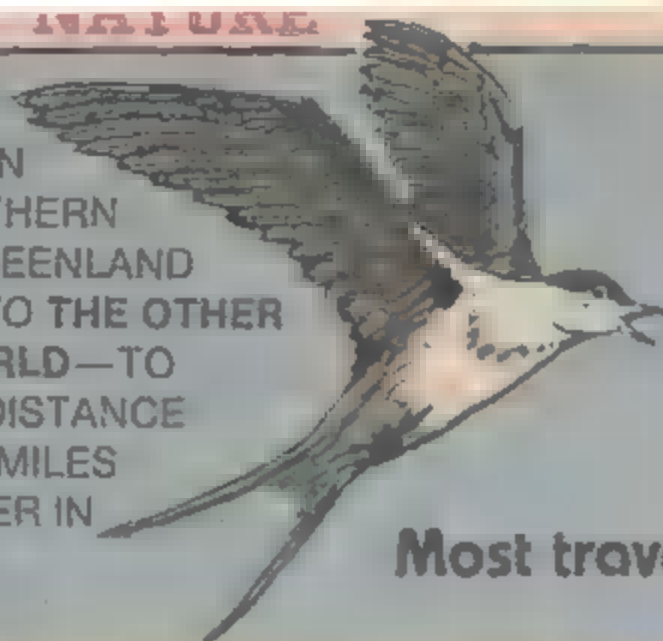
sprang up, dislodging all the lamps, and ran after the rats. Abu's wife stood up immediately and called the officers and courtiers in. They saw the cat's conduct and agreed that the Sultan had lost the game. Abu's wife whipped him hard till he fell prostrate, crying. Nobody stopped her, because everybody hated the Sultan. In fact, they were happy that the wretched tyrant got the lesson of his life.

Abu's wife got her husband and all the other prisoners freed, got back the property her husband had forfeited and left for home. Needless to say, it was one of her servants who released the rats into the room, through the window.

The hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world

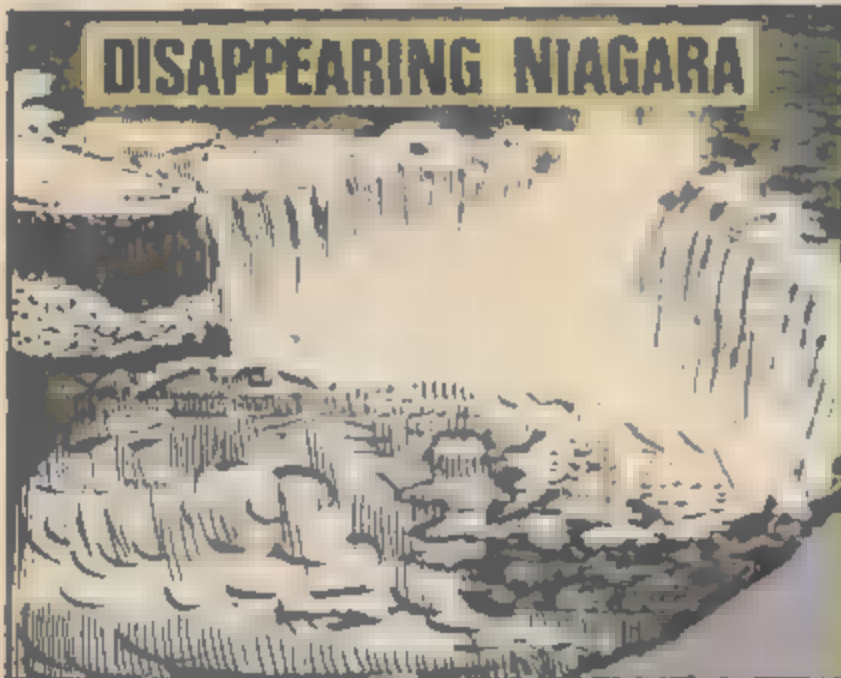
—W.R. Wallace

THE ARCTIC TERN BREEDS IN NORTHERN EUROPE AND GREENLAND BUT MIGRATES TO THE OTHER END OF THE WORLD—TO ANTARCTICA, A DISTANCE OF SOME 11,000 MILES (17,7013KM). LATER IN THE YEAR THEY RETURN.



Most travelled bird

DISAPPEARING NIAGARA

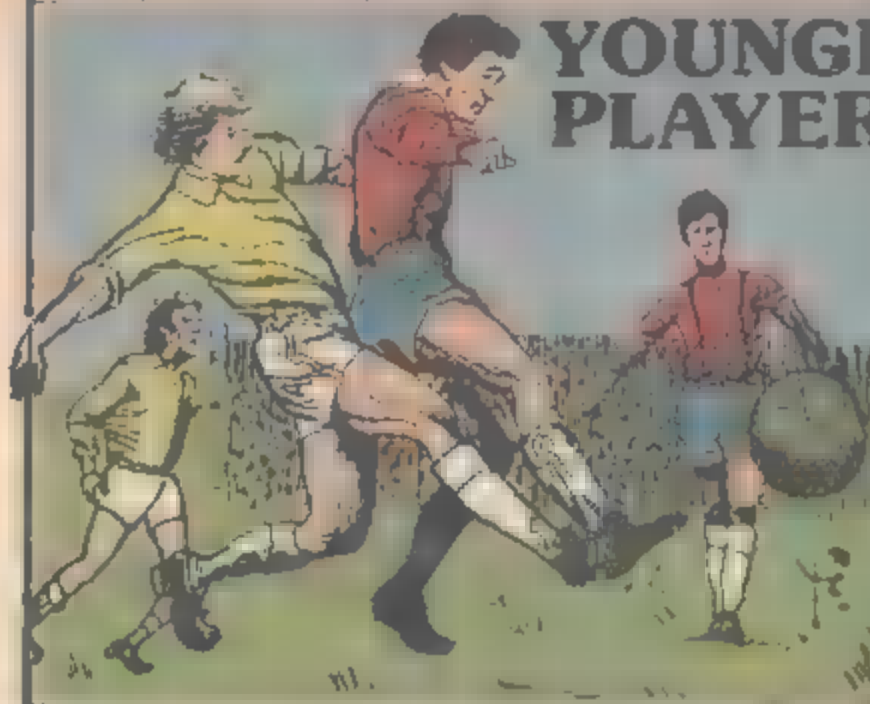


THE NIAGARA FALLS ARE RECEDING UPRIVER AT A RATE OF 3 FT (0.9M) A YEAR. TODAY THE FALLS ARE LOCATED 7 MILES (11 KM) FROM THEIR ORIGINAL LOCATION FORMED 10,000 YEARS AGO. IN 25,000 YEARS TIME THE FALLS WILL HAVE DISAPPEARED ENTIRELY INTO LAKE ERIE.

Largest Fish

THE WORLD'S LARGEST FISH IS THE HARMLESS PLANKTON-EATING WHALE SHARK WHICH CAN REACH A LENGTH OF 59FT (18M) AND WEIGH 42.4 TONS (43 TONNES).





YOUNGEST PLAYER

THE YOUNGEST EVER ENGLISH LEAGUE SOCCER PLAYER WAS **COLLINS**, WHO AT THE AGE OF 14 YEARS AND 11 MONTHS PLAYED FOR BLACKPOOL AGAINST KILMARNOCK IN THE QUARTER-FINAL OF THE ANGLO-SCOTTISH CUP IN SEPTEMBER 1980.

Royal Golf

KING JAMES I OF ENGLAND IS SAID TO HAVE INTRODUCED GOLF INTO ENGLAND FROM SCOTLAND. THE GAME WAS PLAYED ON BLACK-HEATH.



8,183,535 DOLLARS



AMERICAN JOCKEY **LAFFIT PINCAY** SET A WORLD RECORD IN 1979 WHEN HIS MOUNTS WON A RECORD 8,183,535 DOLLARS.



THE STRANGE TRADER

■ The crop has failed because of the drought. Nobody is willing to buy our lands. How are we to survive this crisis? I must go to the town and seek a job," said Madhav to his wife.

She sighed and kept quiet. "What is the use of delaying? Let me proceed tomorrow itself," Madhav said again.

His wife prepared a few pieces of country bread early in the morning and gave them to him. His neighbour gave him a horse and said, "My horse is starving. Better you take it with you. You can have a comfortable ride to the town. I am sure, there will be some food available for my horse in the town!"

Madhav set out for the town. That was to be ■ full day's journey, riding at a leisurely pace. By noon he was on the bank of a river. He saw patches of grass on the river-bank. He left his horse for grazing and sat down on ■ rock to eat the bread.

But as he took the first piece of it to his mouth, a dog came running to him and kept wistfully gazing at the bread in his hand. The dog gasped for breath and looked ■ if it had not eaten any food for days. Madhav threw the bread at it. The dog ate it with great relish, but looked at Madhav once again.

Madhav understood that its hunger had hardly been satisfied.

He threw yet another piece of bread at it. By and by, he gave the dog all the four pieces of bread he had. It wagged its tail and showed its happiness by romping around Madhav.

Madhav drank from the river and then resumed his journey. It was sunset when he entered the town. Soon his eyes went over to a man who sat under a big tree. A large balance hung before him. "What is he selling?" he asked a man. "He is not selling anything, but buying something unusual."

"Something unusual? What is that?" asked Madhav.

"People earn piety by doing charity and philanthropy or by being kind to others. This man is buying the piety earned by the others," replied the man.

Madhav had never heard of such a thing. He was hungry and he also needed some money to take a room on rent. But he did not think that he had any piety worth selling.

However, the stranger who sat buying piety called him. "Don't you have any piety to sell?" he asked.

"Sir, maybe I have. My father dug a pond on our land and dedicated it to the village," said Madhav.



The stranger nodded and said, "That is your father's piety and he is not there to sell it. But I can see that you too have earned some piety today itself. What did you do?"

"I did nothing worthy today! In fact, once I left my home, I hardly met anyone or talked to anyone until I arrived here. A dog is the only creature I fed with four pieces of country bread!" said Madhav.

"That is it. And that was a dog who needed food most. Come on, sell the piety you have earned on account of only one bread, not all the four!" proposed the stranger.

Madhav was not sure if he



would receive enough in the bargain to buy ■ meal. However, he agreed to sell the piety. A piece of bread was brought. Madhav was asked to place his hand on it and announce in the name of truth that he was selling the piety earned by him on account of giving the dog ■■■ of the four pieces of bread!

Then the bread was kept on a scale of the balance. On the opposite scale the stranger kept some jewels. But surprisingly, the bread weighed heavier. The stranger kept on heaping jewels on the scale. When he was left with no more jewels, he added his own necklace to the jewels. Only

then the two scales were balanced.

Madhav made ■ bundle of the jewels and retired to an inn. Next day he began his homeward journey.

It had rained at night. A dry pond had been filled with water. As Madhav's horse entered the pond, its legs were caught up in the mire. It could not move, even though Madhav tried hard to goad it on.

A hermit who stood on the bank of the pond said, "My boy, this pond is the dwelling of some supernatural beings. You cannot escape their clutch unless you throw some of your piety!"

"Very well, I give the piety earned out of one of the three other pieces of bread!" said Madhav.

At once the horse took a step forward. Madhav then sacrificed the piety earned of the other two pieces of bread and the horse came closer to the bank, but it could not climb over it.

"Why don't you jump to the bank with your wealth? Only the horse shall perish. But that hardly matters. You can buy ■ hundred horses," said the hermit.

"I will rather sacrifice the



jewels which are the price of my piety than let the good horse perish," said Madhav. He then threw the bundle into the waters.

At once the pond disappeared. He heard a voice saying, "Pick up your bundle and go home. You have passed the test. You are not

only kind and compassionate, but also devoid of any greed. God bless you."

Madhav returned home and lived happily, but never ceasing to help the people in need. He earned far more piety than he had earned earlier.

THE CHARITABLE RECOMMENDATION

Rajen had two neighbours, Vishu and Kumar. One day Rajen asked Kumar, "Vishu wants thousand rupees as ■ loan. Should I give him?"

"Give him by all means. It is just as if you ■■■■ doing me a service!" replied Kumar charitably.

After Rajen went away, Kumar's wife said, "Why did you say that to help Vishu amounted to ■ service to you?"

"Well, if Rajen did not give him the money he needed, he would ask ■■■ for it!" explained Kumar.



MYSTERY OF THE SINKING ROCK

The Vanaras were building a bridge of rocks to Lanka. Their mission was to rescue Sita.

The rocks which were hurled into the sea miraculously floated because the Vanaras had written Rama's sacred name on them. Rama stood on the shore and surveyed his devoted army at work.

"Let the bridge extend in that direction," said Rama at ~~some~~ stage, himself throwing a stone into the waters to indicate his wish. Behind him stood two or three Vanaras. After Rama left the spot, they looked at one another with surprise.

"What surprises you?" asked Hanuman who saw them.

At first the Vanaras were hesitant to speak. Then they said, "With the name of Rama on the stones, the stones do not sink. But how is it that the stone thrown by Rama Himself sank?"

"You fools!" said Hanuman, "Can anything float or be saved after the Lord Himself has cast it away? It had to sink!"

—Madhuri Dhandhanika





THE LAST COIN

Shakur was a poor man, though he was more intelligent than those around him who were quite rich.

"I believe I can serve the Sultan well if I get a job in his court," he thought. He went to the town and wrote applications, one after another, to the different departments of the Sultan's government. But there was no response to his appeals. He tried to meet the Vizier, but to no avail.

The little money he had carried from his home in the village was finished. He did not know what to do. Before long he was left with his last coin.

"I must make the best use of

my last coin," he thought. He fixed a small handle to the coin with gum. He also managed to collect an old ink-pad thrown away by a clerk.

Then he sat down in a corner of the verandah of an office where land-deeds were finalised and documents were registered.

"Hello gentleman, has your document been Shakur-stamped?" he asked a man who was entering the office.

"Shakur-stamped? No! I did not know about it!" said the man.

"Come on, let me stamp it," said Shakur.

The man laid his paper before Shakur. He stamped it. Shakur

was not required to ask the next man about it. He and three other men quietly followed the first man and got their papers stamped. Shakur charged only two small coins for each stamp.

By the end of the day he had earned ninety coins. He kept half of them in one bag and spent the rest on his food and the payment of advance for a room he took on rent.

Days passed smoothly. On an average Shakur earned ■ hundred coins every day. After a year he was able to buy a small house in the town.

Five years passed. One day Shakur fell ill and did not go for work. It so happened that the Sultan's brother-in-law visited the office that very day for registering a sale-deed. All the clerks bowed to him and said, "But, Nawab sir, today the

official in charge of Shakur-stamp has not reported for duty. Will you kindly wait till tomorrow?"

"I cannot. I have to leave for Bagdad. Who can waive this particular formality?" asked the Nawab.

The clerks looked at one another. The senior-clerk said, "Sir, is there any rule which cannot be waived by the Sultan? Why don't you ask him?"

The Nawab requested the Sultan to waive the Shakur-stamp. The Sultan could not remember of any such rule. Shakur was summoned. He came with a fat bag and presented it to the Sultan and said, "My lord, this is your share of the income." Then he narrated the whole story. The Sultan was a well-humoured person. He liked Shakur and gave him an important job.



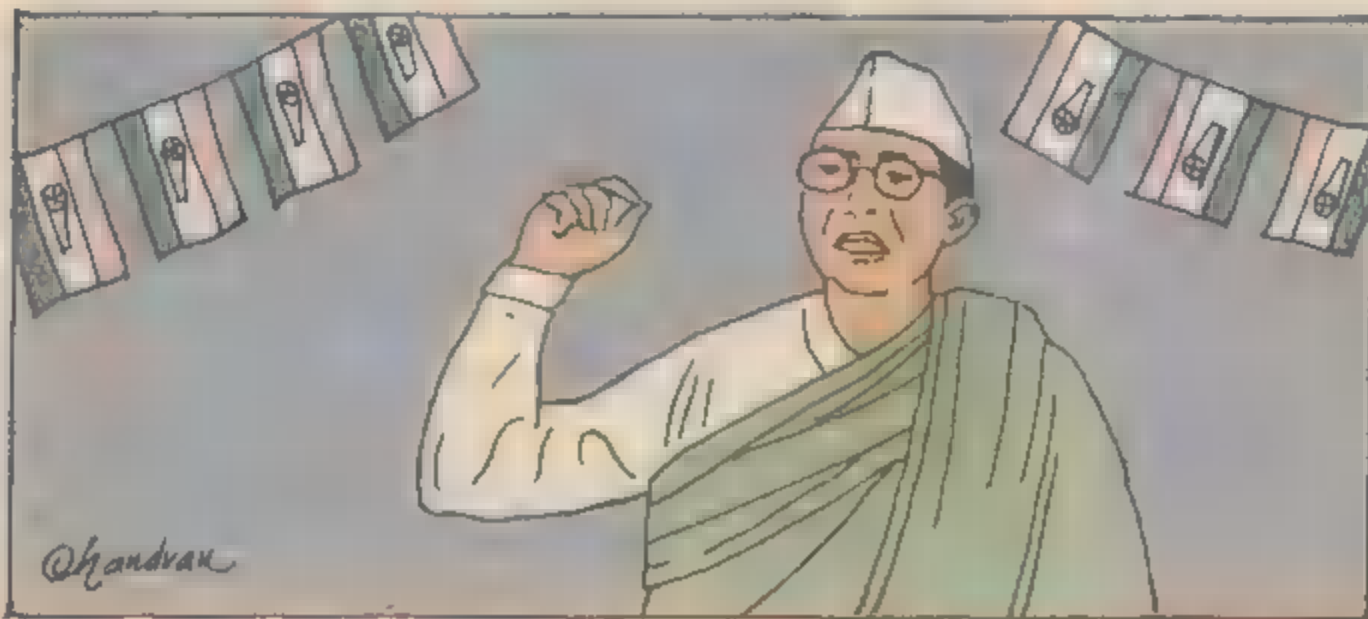
TONGUE-IN-CHEEK!

What does the phrase *Tongue-in-cheek* mean? asks Saurabh S. of Bombay.

Generally used as an adjective, it means ■ remark made lightly or without any sincerity. "His tongue-in-cheek preaching against corruption made the audience laugh, for nobody had forgotten his own practice when he was in power." But the phrase is not always used as an adjective. Here is a line from Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose: "On the Congress platform he (Sri Aurobindo) had stood up as a champion of left-wing thought and ■ fearless advocate of independence at a time when most of the leaders, with their tongues in their cheeks, would talk only of colonial self-government."

There are several other phrases in connection with *tongue*. If someone asks you to *hold your tongue*, he desires that you should not say anything. *Have you lost your tongue?* is ■ question asked of someone who keeps silent when it is necessary for him to speak out. If you give someone the *rough side of your tongue*, you are being rather rude towards him. "Pardon me, I could not *get my tongue round* that word," means the speaker found it difficult to pronounce the word. If ■ name or an information is *on the tip of your tongue*, that means although you are not able to remember it instantly, you should be able to remember it any moment. A *tongue-tied* person is one who is speechless, either because of bashfulness or because of modesty.

V. Jagadeesh of Pamulapadu would like to know how a *motel* is different from a hotel. A motel is a resting place for travellers who can park their cars there for ■ while.





Is it true that **many animals have their own languages?**

—**N. Krishna Kanth, Jabalpur**

Different species of animals can **be** said to have their languages, but the definition of *language* in this sense has to be different. It is **a** process of communication through sound or vibrations which is instinctive and not articulated by the help of thought. However, they express their different moods and emotions. They anticipate response in other members of their species and receive it too.

Animal psychologists and ethologists (those who study the ethos of a group) have revealed much about animal behaviour; **still** **much** is yet to be known. The latest field of study is the *animal sonar*, "a faculty which enables to locate objects by means of the high-frequency sound waves reflected from them and to communicate with each other by emitting such waves."

Who **asked** the questions meant for the columns "Let Us Know" and "Towards **Better** English?"

—**Subhasini Modi, [unclear]**

The editors of *Chandamama*.

Readers are welcome to send such queries on culture, literature or general knowledge which should be of interest to others too, for brief answers from the Chandamama.

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No more evil, injustice and crime will be tolerated in this city. The relentless crusader is here. With his famed Zap Gun (the three sound gizmo that's the terror of the underworld) and his fleet of rough 'n' tough ready-for-action vehicles — Wrecker, Super Dumper and Fire Engine. And of course, his missile-firing Helicopter. So...breathe easy. The one man army is here.

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Devidas Koshekar



S.G. Seshagiri

Can you formulate a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other? If yes, you may write it on a post card and mail it to Photo Caption Contest, Chandamama, to reach us by 20th of the current month. A reward of Rs. 50/- will go to the best entry which will be published in the issue after the next.

The Prize for July'90 goes to:—

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Bangalore-560 050

The Winning Entry:— "PROFESSIONAL SKILL" & "LEARNING WITH A WILL"

PICKS FROM THE WISE

The brighter you are, the more you have to learn.

—Don Harold

May you live all the days of your life

—Jonathan Swift

Animals have these advantages over man; they have no theologians to instruct them, their funerals cost them nothing, and no one starts lawsuits over their wills.

—Voltaire





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Sweet Talk With A Mango-Grove Parakeet

<p>Hey! Look at my new mango sweet!</p> 	<p>Hey! Look at my new mango sweet!</p> 
<p>It's got real mango inside, birdy!</p> 	<p>It's got real mango inside, birdy!</p> 
<p>Sssssshut up now and taste my mango sweet!</p> 	<p>Sssssshut up now and taste my mango sweet!</p> 
<p>'Ya know what I'm gonna call it...</p> 	<p>Aam-Ras</p> 
<p>What did ya say?</p> 	<p>Aaaaam - Rrrrras. But remember ... golden words are not repeated!</p> 



nutrine
AAM-RAS

A terrific treat
with real mango inside ...
in a pack as colourful as
a parakeet.

Real Mango In Its Very True Colours